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AUGUSTA, ME.
No. 805

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Lines to Mr Moore

The following lines were addressed extempore by Lord Byron to his friend Mr Moore, on the latter's last visit to Ireland.

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee.

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

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THOMAS MOORE ESQ.

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Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasping on the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

In that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour

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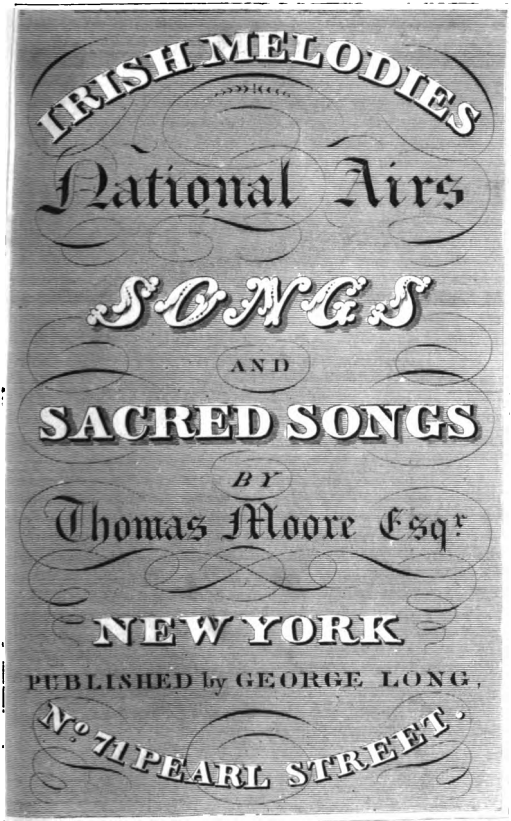

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MELODIES,

SONGS,

SACRED SONGS,

AND

National Airs.

CONTAINING SEVERAL NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED IN AMERICA.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY GEORGE LONG,
NO. 71, PEARL-STREET.

1821.

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1821

(RECAP)

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PREFACE.

At the request of the Proprietors of my musical compositions, I have revised them for publication in this collective form, and shall be happy to find that those who like my Songs are numerous enough to justify the Publishers in such an expensive experiment. A few of my earlier Ballads have been omitted; one or two, that required but little alteration to make them unexceptionable, have been corrected; and, altogether, though but ill qualified to act the part of a Brutus to my own progeny, I should hope that nothing has been allowed to live in this collection, by which the common-weal of morals can suffer the slightest detriment. I had some momentary scruples indeed, about one song: but recollecting, in addition to its being particularly popular, that it had had the honour of being translated into French by a very learned English divine, I thought the sacrifice might appear over righteous, and have accordingly, for the present, indulged it with a reprieve.

It has always been a subject of some mortification to me, that my songs, as they are set, give such a very imperfect notion of the manner in which I wish them to be performed, and that most of that peculiarity of character, which, I believe, they possess

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as I sing them myself, is lost in the process they must undergo for publication; but the truth is, that, not being sufficiently practised in the rules of composition to rely upon the accuracy of my own harmonic arrangements, I am obliged to submit my rude sketches to the eyes of a professor before they can encounter the criticisms of the musical world; and, as it but too often happens that they are indebted for their originality to the violation of some established law, the hand that corrects their errors is almost sure to destroy their character,* and the few little flowers they may boast are generally pulled away with the weeds. In singing them myself, however, I pay no such deference to criticism, but usually give both air and harmony, according to my own first conception of them, with all their original faults, but at the same time, all their original freshness.

Among those who have taken the trouble of revising my attempts at composition, I have found no one so indulgent to their anomalies as my friend Sir John Stevenson—no one so anxious to reconcile every irregularity, to conceal, where he scrupled to correct, my offences against science, and sometimes even to feel with Martial, "simpliciter pateat vitium," rather than risk the loss of a grace by too rigid an amend-

* I know I shall be told by the learned musicians, that whatever infringes the rules of composition must be disagreeable to the ear, and that, according to the pure *ethics* of the art, nothing can possibly be *pleasant* that is *wrong*; but I am sorry to say that I am lawless enough to disagree with him, and have sometimes been even so lost to all sense of musical rectitude, as to take pleasure in a profane succession of fifths!

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ment of errors. And, after all, perhaps the mortification I now and then suffer, in seeing the fairy Criticism steal away my wild offspring, and lay some formal-featured changelings of her own in their place, is but a proper punishment for my temerity in venturing into the mazes of modulation, where even those who hold the clue of science are so very apt to bewilder themselves, and where melody and sentiment are most frequently lost on the way. Wherever I have been content to remain simply in the key in which I began, without wandering from home in search of discords and chromatics, I have not only been independent of critical aid, but the strains I have produced were much more touching and effective.*

Rousseau, who, though an excellent theorist in Music, had but little experience in the art of composition, very wisely, as well as tastefully, chose, in his *Devin du Village*, a story of young and innocent lovers, whose sentiments required but few notes to express them, and were best told in those simple, unpretending airs, to which his tender and melancholy spirit† gave birth. Gretry, a musician, who seems to have felt, more than most of his brethren, the charms of Song unmixed with the refinements of Harmony, is of

* Among the pieces but very little altered from my original notation, are "Oh Lady Fair!"—"When Time, who steals,"—"Here's the Bower,"—"Farewell, Bessy,"—"The Canadian Boat Song,"—"Young Love liv'd once."

† Melancholy is the soul of Music—all national airs have a sadness in them; even those that seem gayest. "Ce caractère n'est senti que par des oreilles musiciennes; le peuple l'ignore, c'est avec gaité qu'il chante tristement."—De Chabanon, de la Musique, considérée, en elle-même, &c. Chap. 2. p. 46.

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opinion* that, if ROUSSEAU had attempted a more complicated subject, where a greater variety of passions was to be expressed, he would have found himself embarrassed in scientific difficulties, and, in short, have been wholly unequal to the task.

There is but one instruction I should venture to give to any person desirous of doing justice to the character of these ballads, and that is to attend as little as possible to the rhythm or time in singing them. The time, indeed, should *always* be made to wait upon the feeling, but particularly in this style of musical recitation, where the words ought to be as nearly *spoken* as is consistent with the swell and sweetness of intonation, and where a strict and mechanical observance of time completely destroys all those pauses, lingerings, and abruptnesses, which the expression of passion and tenderness requires. The truth of this remark needs but little enforcement to those who have ever heard a song of feeling and delicacy paced along in the unrelenting trammels of an orchestra.

I could say a good deal more on this subject, but it has already tempted me into too much egotism: and perhaps,

> "——— next to singing the most foolish thing
> "Is gravely to harangue on what we sing!"

THOMAS MOORE.

Mayfield-Cottage, Ashbourn.

* Essais sur la Musique, Tom. 1. p. 276.—Youth (says this interesting composer and writer) is the time for producing *melodies*—and he is right. There is a romantic sadness about youth.

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MOORE'S

MELODIES.

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

WRITTEN ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.*

Et remigem cantus hortatur.—*Quintilian.*

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.

* I wrote these words to an air which our boatmen sang to us very frequently. The wind was so unfavourable, that they were obliged to row all the way, and we were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and at night forced to take shelter from the dews in any miserable hut upon the banks that would receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all these difficulties.

Our *Voyageurs* had good voices, and sung perfectly in tune together. The original words of the air, to which I adapted these stanzas, appeared to be a long incoherent story, of which I could understand but little, from the barbarous pronunciation of the Canadians. It begins

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Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn!*
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré
Deux cavaliers très-bien montés.

And the *refrain* to every verse was,

A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais jouer,
A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais danser.

I ventured to harmonize this air, and have published it. Without that charm which association gives to every little memorial of scenes or feelings that are past, the melody may perhaps be thought common and trifling; but I remember when we have entered, at sun-set, upon one of those beautiful lakes, into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and so unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me, and now, there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the Rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage.

The above stanzas are supposed to be sung by those voyageurs, who go to the Grand Portage by the Utawas River. For an account of this wonderful undertaking, see Sir Alexander Mackenzie's General History of the Fur Trade, prefixed to his Journal.

* "At the Rapid of St. Ann they are obliged to take out part, if not the whole, of their lading. It is from this spot the Canadians consider they take their departure, as it possesses the last church on the island, which is dedicated to the tutelar saint of the voyageurs."

Mackenzie, General History of the Fur Trade.

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Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

Utáwas tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green Isle! hear our prayer,
Grant us cool heavens and favouring air!
Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

OH, LADY FAIR.

First Voice.

Oh Lady fair, where art thou roaming?
The Sun has sunk, the Night is coming.

Second Voice.

Stranger, I go o'er Moor and Mountain,
To tell my Beads at Agnes' Fountain.

First Voice.

And who is the Man with his white locks flowing?
Oh Lady fair, where is he going?

Third Voice.

A wand'ring Pilgrim weak I falter,
To tell my beads at Agnes' Altar.

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Trio.

Chill falls the rain, Night winds are blowing,
Dreary and dark's the way we're going.

First Voice.

Fair Lady! rest till morning blushes,
I'll strew for thee a bed of Rushes.

Second Voice.

Oh! Stranger when my beads I'm counting,
I'll bless thy name at Agnes' Fountain.

First Voice.

Thou, Pilgrim, turn and rest thy sorrow,
Thoul't go to Agnes' Shrine to-morrow.

Third Voice.

Good Stranger! when my Bead's I'm telling,
My Saint shall bless thy leafy dwelling.

Trio.

Strew then, Oh! strew our bed of Rushes,
Here we shall rest 'till morning blushes.

CAN I AGAIN THAT LOOK RECALL.

Can I again that look recall,
Which once could make me die for thee?
No, no, the eye that burns on all,
Shall never more be priz'd by me.

Can I again that form caress,
Or on that lip in joy recline?

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No, no—the lip that all may press,
Shall never more be press'd by mine.

TAKE BACK THE SIGH.

Take back the sigh, thy lips of art
In passion's moment breath'd to me;
Yet, no—it must not, will not part,
'Tis now the life-breath of my heart,
And has become too pure for thee!

Take back the kiss, that faithless sigh
With all the warmth of truth imprest,
Yet, no—the fatal kiss may lie,
Upon *thy* lip its sweets would die,
Or bloom to make a rival blest!

Take back the vows that, night and day,
My heart receiv'd, I thought, from [illegible]
Yet no—allow them still to stay,
They might some other heart betray,
As sweetly as they've ruin'd mine.

FANNY DEAREST.

Oh! had I leisure to sigh and mourn,
Fanny dearest! for thee I'd sigh,

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And ev'ry smile on my cheek should turn
To tears, when thou art nigh.
But between love, and wine, and sleep,
So busy a life I live,
That even the time it would take to weep,
Is more than my heart can give.
Then bid me not to despair and pine,
Fanny, dearest of all the dears!
The love, that's order'd to bathe in wine,
Would be sure to take cold in tears.

Reflected bright in this heart of mine,
Fanny dearest! thy image lies:
But oh! the mirror would cease to shine,
If dimm'd too often with sighs.
They lose the half of beauty's light,
Who view it through sorrow's tear,
And 'tis but to see the truly bright,
That I keep my eye-beam clear.
Then wait no longer till tears shall flow,
Fanny dearest! the hope is vain:
If sighs cannot dissolve thy snow,
I shall never attempt it with rain.

SWEET SEDUCER.

Sweet seducer, ever smiling!
Charming still, and still beguiling!
Oft I swore to love thee never,
Yet I love thee more than ever.

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Oh! be less, be less enchanting,
Let some little grace be wanting;
Let my eyes, when I'm expiring,
Gaze awhile, without admiring!

FLY FROM THE WORLD, O BESSY.

Fly from the world, oh, Bessy, to me,
Thou'lt never find any sincerer;
I'll give up the world, oh Bessy! for thee,
I can never meet any that's dearer!
Then tell me no more with a tear and a sigh,
That our loves will be censured by many;
All have their follies, and who can deny
That ours is the sweetest of any?

Then come to your lover, oh! fly to his shed,
From a world which I know thou despisest;
And slumber will hover as light on our bed,
As e'er on the couch of the wisest!
And when o'er our pillow the tempest is driven,
And thou, pretty innocent! fearest,
I'll tell thee, it is not the chiding of Heav'n,
'Tis only our lullaby, dearest!

And, oh! when we lie on our death-bed, my love,
Looking back on the scene of our errors;
A sigh from my Bessy shall plead then above,
And death be disarm'd of his terrors!

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And each to the other embracing will say,
"Farewell! let us hope we're forgiven!"
Thy last fading glance will illumine the way,
And a kiss be our passport to Heaven!

HERE'S THE BOWER.

Here's the Bow'r she lov'd so much,
And the tree she planted;
Here's the Harp she us'd to touch,—
Oh! how that touch enchanted!
Roses now unheeded sigh,
Where's the hand to wreath them?
Songs around neglected lie,
Where's the lip to breathe them?
Here's the Bow'r she lov'd so much,
And the tree she planted;
Here's the Harp she us'd to touch,...
Oh! how that touch enchanted!

Spring may bloom, but she we lov'd
Ne'er shall feel its sweetness!
Time, that once so fleetly mov'd,
Now hath lost its fleetness.
Years were days, when here she stray'd,
Days were moments near her;
Heav'n ne'er form'd a brighter Maid,
Nor Pity wept a dearer!

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Here's the Bow'r she lov'd so much,
And the tree she planted;
Here's the harp she us'd to touch,...
Oh! how that touch enchanted!

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night, good night, and is it so?
And must I from my Rosa go?
Oh Rosa! say good night once more,
And I'll repeat it o'er and o'er,
'Till the first glance of dawning light
Shall find us saying still good night.
Good night, good night, and is it so?
And must I from my Rosa go?
And still "Good night," my Rosa say...
But whisper still "a minute stay;"
And I will stay, and every minute
Shall have an age of rapture in it!
We'll wing the hours with soft delight,
And murmur, as they pass, "Good night!"
Good night, good night! and is it so? &c.

"Good night!" you'll echo with a sigh,
And tell me it is time to fly:
And I will ask one moment more,
Yet linger happier than before,
'Till morning brings her joyful light,
And then, my love! my soul! Good night!
Good night, good night! and is it so? &c.

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FRIEND OF MY SOUL.

Friend of my Soul! this Goblet sip,
'Twill chase thy pensive tear;
'Tis not so sweet as Woman's lip,
But oh! 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam,
'Twill steal away thy mind;
But like affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind!

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade,
These flowers were cull'd at noon;
Like Woman's love the rose will fade,
But, ah! not half so soon!
For, tho' the flower's decay'd,
Its fragrance is not o'er;
But once when love's betray'd,
The heart can bloom no more!

NOW LET THE WARRIOR.

Now let the Warrior plume his steed,
And wave his sword afar,
For the men of the East this day shall bleed,
And the sun shall blush with war.
Victory sits on the Christian's helm,
To guide her holy band;
The Knights of the Cross this day shall whelm
The men of the Pagan land.

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O blest who in the battle dies!
God will enshrine him in the skies.
Now let the Warrior plume his steed,
And wave his sword afar;
For the men of the East this day shall bleed,
And the sun shall blush with war.

WHEN TIME WHO STEALS OUR YEARS AWAY.

When time who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew.
Then Cloe, when thy beauty's flow'r
Shall feel the wintry air,
Remembrance will recall the hour
When thou alone wert fair.
Then talk no more of future gloom,
Our joys shall always last,
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past.

Come, Cloe, fill the genial bowl,
I drink to love and thee;
Thou never canst decay in soul,
Thou'lt still be young for me.
And as thy lips the tear-drop chase
Which on my cheek they find,

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So hope shall steal away the trace,
Which sorrow leaves behind!
Then fill the bowl, away with gloom,
Our joys shall always last;
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past.

But mark, at thought of future years,
When love shall lose its soul,
My Cloe drops her timid tears,
They mingle with my bowl!
How like this bowl of wine, my fair,
Our loving life shall fleet,
Though tears may sometimes mingle there,
The draught will still be sweet!
Then fill the bowl, away with gloom,
Our joys shall always last,
For hope will brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past!

CEASE, O CEASE TO TEMPT.

Cease, oh! cease to tempt my tender heart to love,
It never, never can so wild a flame approve;
All its joys, and pains, to others I resign,
But be the vacant heart, the careless bosom mine.
Then cease, oh! cease to tempt my tender heart to love,
It never can so wild a flame approve.

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Say, oh! say no more that lovers' pains are sweet!
I never, never can believe the fond deceit.
Thou lov'st the wounded heart,
I love to wander free;
So, keep thou Cupid's dart,
And leave his wings for me.

'TWAS A NEW FEELING.

'Twas a new feeling, something more
Than we had dar'd to own before,
Which then we hid not.
We saw it in each other's eye,
And wish'd in ev'ry half breath'd sigh,
To speak, but did not!

My hand met hers, with trembling touch,
'Twas the first time I dar'd so much,
And yet she chid not.
But seem'd to say with kindling brow,
"Oh! do you doubt I love you now?"
Sweet Girl! I did not.

THE WREATH YOU WOVE.

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove
Is fair, but oh! how fair,
If pity's hand had stol'n from love
One leaf to mingle there.

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If ev'ry rose with gold were tied,
Did gems for dew-drops fall,
One faded leaf, where love had sigh'd,
Were sweetly worth them all.

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove
Our emblem well may be,
Its bloom is yours, but hopeless love
Must keep its tears for me.

OH! WHY SHOULD THE GIRL OF MY SOUL BE IN TEARS.

Oh! why should the Girl of my soul be in tears,
At a meeting of rapture like this,
When the gloom of the past, and the sorrows of years,
Have been paid by a moment of bliss?

Are they shed for that moment of blissful delight,
Which dwells on her memory yet?
Do they flow, like the dews of the love-breathing night,
From the warmth of the sun that has set?

Oh! sweet is the tear on that languishing smile,
That smile which is loviest then,
And if such are the drops that delight can beguile,
Thou shalt weep them again and again.

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THE DAY OF LOVE.

THE beam of morning, trembling
  Stole o'er the mountain brook,
With timid ray resembling
  Affection's early look.
    Thus love begins,
    Sweet morn of love!

The noon-tide ray ascended,
  And o'er the valley stream
Diffus'd a glow as splendid
  As passion's riper dream.
    Thus love expands;
    Warm noon of love!

But evening came, o'ershading
  The glories of the sky,
Like faith and fondness fading
  From passion's alter'd eye!
    Thus love declines!
    Cold eve of love!

LOVE AND THE SUN DIAL.

YOUNG Love found a Dial once in a dark shade,
Where Man ne'er had wander'd, nor Sun-beam play'd.
"Why thus in darkness lie? (whisper'd young Love,)
"Thou, whose gay hours should in Sunshine move?"

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"I ne'er (said the Dial) have seen the warm Sun,
So noonday, and midnight to me, Love, are one."
Then Love took the Dial away from the shade,
And plac'd her where heaven's beam warmly play'd.
There she reclin'd beneath Love's gazing eye,
While all mark'd with Sunshine her hours flew by!
"Oh! how (said the Dial) can any fair Maid,
That's born to be shone upon, rest in the shade?"
But night now comes on and the Sunbeam's o'er,
And Love stops to gaze on the Dial no more;
Then cold and neglected, while bleak rain and winds,
Are storming around her, with sorrow she finds
That Love had but number'd a few sunny hours,
And left the remainder to darkness and show'rs!

FAREWELL BESSY.

SWEETEST Love, I'll not forget thee,
Time shall only teach my heart,
Fonder, warmer to regret thee,
Lovely gentle as thou art!
Farewell Bessy!
We may meet again.

Yes, oh! yes, again we'll meet, Love,
And repose our hearts at last;
Oh! sure 'twill then be sweet, Love,
Calm to think on sorrows past.
Farewell Bessy!
We may meet again.

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Yet I feel my heart is breaking,
When I think I stray from thee,
Round the world that quiet seeking,
Which I fear is not for me!
Farewell Bessy!
We may meet again.

Calm to peace thy Lover's bosom...
Can it, dearest, must it be,
Thou within an hour wilt lose him,
He for ever loses thee!
Farewell Bessy!
Yet, oh! not for ever.

HOLY BE THE PILGRIM'S SLEEP.

Holy be the Pilgrim's sleep,
From the dreams of terror free,
And may all, who wake to weep,
Rest to night as sweet as he.

Hark! hark! did I hear a Vesper swell?
No, no, it is, my love, some Pilgrim's pray'r.
No, 'twas but the Convent bell,
That toll'd upon the midnight air.

Now, now again the Voice I hear,
Some holy Man is wand'ring near.

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O, Pilgrim, where hast thou been roaming?
Dark is the way and midnight's coming.
Pilgrim in Second Voice.
Stranger, I've been o'er moor and mountain,
To tell my beads at Agnes' Fountain.
First Voice.
And, Pilgrim, say where art thou going?
Dark is the way, the winds are blowing.
Second Voice.
Weary with wand'ring, weak I falter,
To breathe my Vows at Agnes' Altar.
First Voice.
Strew, then, oh, strew his bed of rushes,
Here he shall rest till morning blushes.
Peace to them whose days are done,
Death their eyelids closing,
Hark! the burial rite's begun,
'Tis time for our reposing.
Second Voice.
Here then my Pilgrim's course is o'er.
First Voice.
'Tis my Master, welcome home once more.
First Voice.
Come to our shed, all toil is over,
Pilgrim no more, but Knight and Lover.

THOU HAST SENT ME A FLOWERY BAND.

Thou has sent me a flowery band
And told me 'twas fresh from the field,

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That the leaves were untouch'd by a hand,
And the sweetest of odours would yield.
And indeed it is fragrant and fair,
But if it were breath'd on by thee,
It would bloom with a livelier air,
And would surely be sweeter to me.

Let the odorous gale of thy breath
Embalm it with many a sigh;
Nay, let it be wither'd to death
Beneath the warm noon of thine eye.
And instead of the dew that it bears,
The dew dropping fresh from the tree,
On its leaves let me number the tears
That affection has stolen from thee!

COULD'ST THOU LOOK AS DEAR.

Could'st thou look as dear as when
First I sigh'd for thee;
Could'st thou make me feel again
Ev'ry wish I breath'd thee then,
Oh! how blissful life would be!
Hopes, that now beguiling leave me,
Joys that lie in slumber cold,
All would wake, could'st thou but give me
One dear smile like those of old!

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Oh! there's nothing left us now
But to mourn the past;
Vain was every ardent vow,
Never yet did heaven allow
Love so warm, so wild, to last.
Not ev'n hope could now deceive me,
Life itself looks dark and cold;
Oh! thou never more canst give me
One dear smile like those of old!

THE YOUNG ROSE.

The young Rose which I give thee, so dewy and bright,
Was the flow'ret most dear to the sweet bird of night;
Who oft by the moon o'er her blushes hath hung,
And thrill'd ev'ry leaf with the wild lay he sung.

Oh! take thou this young Rose, and let her life be
Prolong'd by the breath she will borrow from thee!
For while o'er her bosom thy soft notes shall thrill,
She'll think the sweet night-bird is courting her still.

OH! SOON RETURN.

Our white sail caught the ev'ning ray,
The wave beneath us seem'd to burn,
When all my weeping love could say,
Was "Oh! soon return!"

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Thro' many a clime our ship was driv'n,
O'er many a billow rudely thrown,
Now chill'd beneath a northern heav'n,
Now sunn'd by summer's zone.
Yet still where'er our course we lay,
When ev'ning bid the west wave burn,
I thought I heard her faintly say,
"Oh! soon return."

If ever yet my bosom found
Its thoughts a moment turn'd from thee,
'Twas when the combat rag'd around,
And brave men look'd to me.
But, though 'mid battle's wild alarm
Love's gentle power might not appear,
He gave to glory's brow the charm,
That made e'en danger dear.
And then, when vict'ry's calm came o'er
The hearts where rage has ceas'd to burn,
I heard that farewell voice once more—
"Oh! soon return."

LOVE'S LIGHT SUMMER CLOUD.

Pain and sorrow shall vanish before us,
Youth may wither, but feeling will last;
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er us,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

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Oh! if to love thee more
Each hour I number o'er,
If this a passion be
Worthy of thee,
Then, be happy, for thus I adore thee.
Charms may wither, but feeling shall last,
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.
Rest, dear bosom! no sorrows shall pain thee,
Sighs of pleasure alone shalt thou steal;
Beam, bright eyelid! no weeping shall stain thee,
Tears of rapture alone shalt thou feel.
Oh! if there be a charm*
In love to banish harm,
If pleasure's truest spell
Be to love well,
Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.
Charms may wither, but feeling will last,
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

KEEP YOUR TEARS FOR ME.

When 'midst the gay I meet
That gentle smile of thine,
Tho' still on me it turns most sweet,
I scarce can call it mine.

* This is one of the many instances in which I have sacrificed *Metre*, (and I may add *Sense*,) to the wild structure of the air.

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But when to me alone
Your secret tears you show,
O then I feel those tears my own,
And claim them while they flow.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

The snow on Jura's steep
Can smile with many a beam,
Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
How bright soe'er it seem.
But when some deep-felt ray,
Whose touch is fire, appears,
Oh! then the smile is warm'd away,
And, melting, turns to tears.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

FANNY WAS IN THE GROVE.

Fanny was in the grove,
And Lubin her boy was nigh;
Her eye was warm with love,
And her soul was as her eye.
Oh! Oh! if Lubin now would sue,
Oh! Oh! what would Fanny do.

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Fanny was made for bliss,
But she was young and shy,
And when he had stolen a kiss,
She blush'd and said with a sigh,
Oh! Oh! Lubin, ah! tell me true,
Oh! Oh! what are you going to do?

They wander'd beneath the shade;
Her eye was dimm'd with a tear,
For ah! the poor little maid
Was thrilling with love and fear.
Oh! Oh! if Lubin would but sue,
Oh! Oh! what could Fanny do?

Sweetly along the grove,
The birds sang all the while,
And Fanny now said to her love,
With a frown that was half a smile,
Oh! Oh! why did Lubin sue,
Oh! Oh! why did Lubin sue.

OH! REMEMBER THE TIME.

Oh! remember the time in La Mancha's shades,
When our moments so blissfully flew;
When you call'd me the flow'r of Castilian maids,
And I blush'd to be call'd so by you.
When I taught you to warble the gay Seguadille,
And to dance to the light Castanet,

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Oh! never, dear youth, let you roam where you will,
The delight of those moments forget.

They tell me, you lovers, from Erin's green Isle,
Ev'ry hour a new passion can feel;
And that soon in the light of some lovelier smile,
You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.
But they know not how brave in the battle you are,
Or they never could think you would rove;
For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in war,
That is fondest and truest in love!

AWAY WITH THIS POUTING AND SADNESS.

Away with this pouting and sadness,
Sweet Girl, will you never give o'er?
I love you by Heaven, to madness,
And what can I swear to you more?
Believe not the Old Woman's fable,
That oaths are as short as a kiss.
I'll love you as long as I am able,
And swear for no longer than this.

Then away with pouting and sadness,
Sweet Girl, will you never give o'er?
I love you, by heaven, to madness,
And what can I swear to you more?

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Come waste not the time in professions,
For not to be blest when we can
Is one of the darkest transgressions
That happen 'twixt Woman and Man;
Pretty Moralist! why thus beginning,
My innocent warmth to reprove?
Heaven knows that I never lov'd sinning,
Except little sinnings in love:
Then away, &c.

If swearing, however, will do it,
Come bring me the calendar pray,
I vow by that Lip—I'll go through it,
And not miss a Saint on my way;
The Angels shall help me to wheedle,
I'll swear upon every one
That e'er danced on the point of a needle,
Or rode on the beam of the sun:
Then away, &c.

Oh why should Platonic control, love,
Enchain an emotion so free?
Your Soul, tho' a very sweet Soul, love,
Will ne'er be sufficient for me;
If you think by this coldness and scorning,
To seem more angelic and bright,
Be an Angel, my love, in the morning,
But oh! be Woman at night:
Then away, &c.

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SPIRIT OF JOY.

SPIRIT of joy! thy altar lies
In youthful hearts, that hope like mine,
And 'tis the light of laughing eyes
That leads us to thy fairy shrine.
There if we find the sigh, the tear,
They are not those to sorrow known,
But breath so soft, and drops so clear,
That bliss may claim them for her own.
Then give me, give me, while I weep,
The sanguine hope that brightens wo,
And teaches even our tears to keep
The tinge of rapture while they flow,
And teaches even our tears to keep,
The tinge of rapture while they flow.

The child who sees the dew of night
Upon the spangled hedge at morn,
Attempts to catch the drops of light,
But wounds his finger with the thorn.
Thus oft the brightest joys we seek
Dissolve, when touch'd, and turn to pain;
The flush they kindle leaves the cheek,
The tears they waken long remain.
But give me, give me, while I weep,
The sanguine hope that brightens wo,
And teaches even our tears to keep,
The tinge of rapture while they flow.

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OH LIBERTY!

Tho' sacred the tie that our country entwineth,
And dear to the heart her remembrance remains,
Yet dark are the ties where no liberty shineth,
And sad the remembrance that slavery stains.
Oh thou! who wert born in the cot of the peasant,
But diest of languor in Luxury's dome,
Our vision, when absent—our glory when present,
Where thou art, O Liberty! there is my home.

Farewell to the land where in childhood I wander'd,
In vain is she mighty, in vain is she brave!
Unblest is the blood that for tyrants is squander'd,
And fame has no wreaths for the brow of the slave.
But hail to thee, Albion! who meet's the commotion
Of Europe as calm as thy cliffs meet the foam;
With no bonds but the law, and no slave but the ocean,
Hail Temple of Liberty! thou art my home.

BOAT-GLEE.

The song, that lightens the languid way,
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing,
Is like the spell of hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray.
The beams that flash on the oar awhile,
As we row along through waves so clear,

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Illume its pray, like the fleeting smile
That shines o'er sorrow's tear.

Nothing is lost on him, who sees
With an eye that feeling gave:
For him there's a story in ev'ry breeze,
And a picture in ev'ry wave.
Then sing, to lighten the languid way;
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing:
'Tis like the spell of hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray.

SAYS SAMMY THE TAILOR TO ME.

Says Sammy, the tailor, to me,
As he sat with his spindles crossways,
'Tis bekase I'm a poet, you see,
'That I kiver my head with green baise!'
So, says I, 'For a sample I begs,'
And I'm shot if he din't produce, sir,
Some crossticks he wrote on his legs,
And a pastern ode to his goose, sir.
Oh, this writing and reading!
'Tis all a fine conjuration,
Made for folks of high breeding,
To bother themselves and the nation!

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There's Dick, who sold wine in the lane,
And old Dicky himself did not tope ill;
But politics turned his brain,
And a place he call'd Constantinople.
He never could sit down to dine,
But he thought of poor Turkey, he said, sir;
And swore, while he tippled his wine,
That the Porte was ne'er out of his head, sir,
Oh, this writing and reading! &c. &c.

The grocer, Will Fig, who so fast
Through his cyphers and figures could run ye,
By gum! he has nothing, at last,
But the cyphers to show for his money.
The barber a scollard, well known
At the sign of the wig hanging from a tree,
Makes ev'ry head like his own,
For he cuts them all up into geometry!
Oh, this writing and reading! &c. &c.

WHEN LEILA TOUCH'D THE LUTE.

When Leila touch'd the lute,
Not then alone 'twas felt,
But, when the sounds were mute,
In memory still they dwelt.
Sweet lute! in nightly slumbers
Still we heard thy morning numbers.

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Ah! how could she, who stole
Such breath from simple wire,
Be led, in pride of soul,
To string with gold her lyre?
Sweet lute! thy chords she breaketh;
Golden now the strings she waketh!

But where are all the tales
Her lute so sweetly told?
In lofty themes she fails,
And soft ones suit not gold.
Rich lute! we see thee glisten,
But, alas! no more we listen!

YOUNG LOVE LIV'D ONCE IN A HUMBLE SHED.

Young love liv'd once in a humble shed,
Where roses breathing,
And woodbines wreathing
Around the lattice their tendrils spread,
As wild and sweet as the life he led.
His garden flourish'd,
For young hope nourish'd
The infant buds with beams and showers;
But lips, though blooming, must still be fed,
And not even love can live on flowers.

Alas! that poverty's evil eye
Should e'er come hither,
Such sweets to wither!

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The flowers laid down their heads to die,
And hope fell sick, as the witch drew nigh.
She came one morning,
Ere love had warning,
And rais'd the latch, where the young god lay;
'Oh ho!' said love—'is it you? good bye;'
So he opened the window, and flew away!

ROBERT RUMBLE.

Robert Rumble, a poet of lyric renown,
Hey, scribble—hy, scribble, ho!
Was invited to dine with a squire out of town,
With his hey, scribble—hy, scribble, ho!
His nag had a string halt, as well as his lyre,
So he mounted and rode to the house of the squire,
Who was one of those kind-hearted men, that keep hounds
Just to hunt off the vermin from other men's grounds,
With my hey, scribble—hy, scribble, ho!

The huntsmen that morning had bought an old hack,
Hey, scribble—hy, scribble, ho!
To cut up, as a delicate lunch for the pack,
With my hey, scribble—hy, scribble, ho!
But who can describe Robert Rumble's dismay,
When the squire, after dinner came smirking to say,
That instead of the dog-horse some hard-hearted wag
Had cut up, by mistake, Robert Rumble's lean nag,
With his hey, scribble—hy, scribble, ho!

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But 'comfort yourself,' said the squire to the bard,
Hey, scribble—hy, scribble, ho!
'There's the dog-horses till standing alive in the yard,'
With my hey, scribble—hy, scribble, ho!
Then they saddled the dog-horse, and homeward he set,
So suspiciously ey'd by each dog that he met,
That you'd swear, notwithstanding his cavalry airs,
They suspected the steed he was on should be theirs,
With my hey, scribble—hy, scribble, ho!

Arriv'd safe at home, to his pillow he jogs,
Hey, scribble—hy, scribble, ho!
And dreams all the night about critics and dogs,
With his hey, scribble—hy, scribble, ho!
His nag seem'd a pegasus, touch'd in the wind,
And the curs were all wits of the true cynic kind,
Who, when press'd for a supper must bite ere they sup,
And who ate Robert Rumble's poor pegasus up,
With a hey, scribble—hy, scribble, ho!

TO SIGH, YET FEEL NO PAIN.

To sigh, yet feel no pain,
To weep, yet scarce know why;
To sport an hour with beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by;
To kneel at many a shrine,
Yet lay the heart on none;

Digitized by Google

To think all other charms divine,
But those we just have won;
This is love—careless love—
Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame
Through life, unchill'd, unmov'd;
To love, in wintry age the same
That first in youth we lov'd;
To feel that we adore
To such refined excess,
That though the heart would break with *more*,
We could not live with *less*;
This is love—faithful love,—
Such as saints might feel above!

COME LADS.

Come lads, life's a whirligig;
Round we whisk
With a joyous frisk,
And till death stops the turn of our twirligig,
Merry-go-round's the life for me.
You, standing surly there,
You, with the curly hair,
Dick, that's laughing here,
Tom, that's quaffing here,
You too, my gipsy lass,
Spite of your lips, alas;
All must give up this world of glee.

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Then come, lads, life's a whirligig;
Round we whisk
With a joyous frisk,
And till death stops the turn of our twirligig,
Merry-go-round's the life for me.
Time's short—but we'll have our fun of it;
Life a race is,
That tries our paces,
And, when mirth makes a good run of it,
Devil may take the hindmost for me.
Lads that love filling bowls,
Girls that have willing souls,
These can sooth the way,
Roll life smooth away.
While there's a glass to drink,
While there's a lass to wink,
Who would give up this world of glee?
So come, lads, life's a whirligig, &c. &c.

DEAR AUNT!

Dear aunt! in the olden time of love,
When women like slaves were spurn'd,
A maid gave her heart, as she would her glove,
To be teazed by a fop, and—return'd;
But women grow wiser as men improve,
And though beaus like monkeys amuse us,
Oh! think not we'd give such a delicate gem
As the heart, to be play'd with or sullied by them;
No—dearest aunt! excuse us.

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We may know by the head on Cupid's seal
What impression the heart will take ;
If shallow the head, oh ! soon we feel
What a poor impression 'twill make.
Though plagued, heaven knows ! by the foolish zeal
Of the fondling fop who pursues me,
Oh ! think not I'd follow their desperate rule,
Who get rid of the folly by wedding the fool ;
No—dearest aunt ! excuse me.

WHEN CHARLES WAS DECEIVED.

When Charles was deceived by the maid he lov'd,
We saw no cloud his brow o'ercasting,
But proudly he smiled, as if gay and unmov'd,
Though the wound in his heart was deep and lasting ;
And often, at night, when the tempest roll'd,
He sung as he paced the dark deck over,
'Blow, wind, blow ! thou art not so cold
As the heart of a maid that deceives her lover !'

Yet he lived with the happy, and seem'd to be gay,
Tho' the wound but sunk more deep for concealing ;
And fortune threw many a thorn in his way,
Which, true to one anguish, he trod without feeling ;
And, still by the frowning of fate unsubdued,
He sung, as if sorrow had placed him above her,
' Frown, fate, frown ! thou art not so rude
As the heart of a maid that deceives her lover !'

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At length his career found a close in death,
The close he long wish'd to his cheerless roving,
For victory shone on his latest breath,
And he died in a cause of his heart's approving;
But still he remember'd his sorrow, and still
He sung, till the vision of his life was over,
'Come, death, come! thou art not so chill
As the heart of the maid that deceived her lover!'

ORATOR PUFF.

Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice,
The one squeaking thus, and the other down so;
In each sentence he utter'd he gave you your choice,
For one half was B alt. and the rest G below
Oh! oh! orator Puff,
One voice for one orator's surely enough.

But he still talk'd away, spite of coughs and of frowns,
So distracting all ears with his ups and his downs,
That a wag once, on hearing the orator say
'My voice is for war,' ask'd him which of them, pray?
Oh! oh! &c.

Reeling homewards, one evening, top-heavy with gin,
And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the crown,

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He tripp'd near a saw-pit, and tumbled right in,
'Sinking fund' the last words as his noddle came down,
Oh! oh! &c.

'Good lord!' he exclaimed, in his he and she tones,
'Help me out—help me out—I have broken my bones!'
'Help you out!' said a Paddy who pass'd, 'what a bother!
'Why, there's *two* of you there; can't you help one another?'
Oh! oh! &c.

HERE IS THE LIP THAT BETRAY'D.

Here is the lip that betray'd,
Here is the blue eye that warm'd;
Lips for bewildering made!
Eyes for enamouring form'd!
While on her features I gaze,
And trace ev'ry love-moulded line,
Memory weeps o'er the days
When I fancied her faithfully mine.
Hope bids me dream of bright days
And fancy her faithfully mine.

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Here is the glance that inspir'd—
Here is the blush that deceiv'd;
Glances too wildly admir'd!
Blushes too fondly believ'd!
While on her features, &c. &c.

WHEN LIFE LOOKS LONE AND DREARY.

When life looks lone and dreary,
What light can dispel the gloom?
When time's swift wing grows weary,
What charm can refresh his plume?
'Tis woman, whose sweetness beameth
O'er all that we feel or see;
And if man of heav'n e'er dreameth,
'Tis when he thinks purely of thee,
Oh, woman!

Let conquerors fight for glory,—
Too dearly the meed they gain;
Let patriots live in story,
Too often they die in vain.
Give kingdoms to those who choose 'em,
This world can offer to me
No throne like beauty's bosom,
No freedom like serving thee,
Oh, woman!

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A LOTTERY, A LOTTERY.

A LOTTERY, a lottery,
In Cupid's court there us'd to be,
Two roguish eyes
The highest prize
In Cupid's scheming lottery;
And kisses too,
As good as new,
Which were not very hard to win,
For he, who won
The eyes of fun,
Was sure to have the kisses in.
Chorus. A lottery, &c.

This lottery, this lottery,
In Cupid's court went merrily,
And Cupid play'd
A Jewish trade
In this his scheming lottery;
For hearts I'm told
In shares he sold
To many a fond believing drone,
And cut the hearts
In sixteen parts
So well, each thought the whole his own!

Chorus. A lottery, a lottery,
In Cupid's court there used to be,

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Two roguish eyes
The highest prize,
In Cupid's scheming lottery.

Ladies and gentlemen—gentlemen and ladies—
go not to Cupid's court;
For, whatever the young woman may say, 'tis a
place of very bad resort.

AIR.

But mine is the lottery—hasten to me;
Here's scissors and satires, as sharp as can be:—
Here's a drawing of cork, here's a cork-screw for
wine,
Here are pills for the cough—and here's Gibbon's
"Decline;"
Here's a bright carving knife—here's a learned
review,
Here's an essay on marriage, and here's a cuckoo.

CHORUS.

Our lottery—our lottery—
Ye youths and maidens, come to me!
'Tis ne'er too late
To try your fate
In this our lucky lottery.

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GIRL, DOST THOU KNOW ME?

GIRL, dost thou know me?
Oh! what a wooer!
Slave! thou'rt below me!
This wig will undo her.
Oh! curse your grinning!
This lock so winning!
Ma'am, if you giggle thus,
And treat my wig ill thus,
I'll let you shortly know who am I.
A handsome lover this!
You sha'nt get over this;
This laugh will end me quite:
Pray heaven send it might!
Ha, ha, ha, hah! hah, ha!
How the fool makes me laugh!
Oh! I shall die!
But you shall weep for this fun by-and-by.

WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER?

WILL you come to the bow'r I have shaded for you?
Our bed shall be roses bespangled with dew.
Will you, will you, will you, will you,
Come to the bow'r?

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There under the bow'r, on roses you lie,
With a blush on your cheek, but a smile in your eye.
Will you, will you, &c.
Smile, my belov'd ?

But the roses we press shall not rival your lip,
Nor the dew be so sweet as the kisses we'll sip.
Will you, will you, &c.
Kiss me, my love ?

And O ! for the joys that are sweeter than dew,
From languishing roses or kissses from you,
Will you, will you, &c.
Won't you, my love ?

TO ROSA.

Does the harp of Rosa slumber ?
Once it breath'd the sweetest number !
Never does a milder song
Steal the breezy lyre along,
When the wind in odours dying,
Wooes it with enamour'd sighing.
Does the harp of Rosa cease ?
Once it told a tale of peace
To her lover's throbbing breast—
Then he was divinely blest !
Ah ! but Rosa loves no more,
Therefore Rosa's song is o'er,

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And her harp neglected lies
And her boy forgotten sighs.
Silent harp—forgotten lover—
Rosa's love and song are over!

SONG.

Have you not seen the timid tear
Steal trembling from mine eye?
Have you not mark'd the flush of fear,
Or caught the murmur'd sigh?
And can you think my love is chill,
Nor fix'd on you alone?
And can you rend, by doubting still,
A heart so much your own?

To you my soul's affections move
Devoutly, warmly true;
My life has been a task of love,
One long, long, thought of you.
If all your tender faith is o'er,
If still my truth you'll try,
Alas! I know but one proof more,
I'll bless your name, and die!

SONG.

Oh! nothing in life can sadden us,
While we have wine and good humour in store;

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With this and a little of love to madden us,
Show me the fool that can labour for more!
Come then, bid Ganymede fill every bowl for you,
Fill them up brimmers, and drink as I call;
I'm going to toast every nymph of my soul for you,
Aye! on my soul, I'm in love with them all!
Dear creatures! we can't live without them,
They're all that is sweet and seducing to man;
Looking, sighing, about and about them;
We doat on them, die for them, all that we can.

Here's Phillis, whose innocent bosom
Is always agog for some novel desires;
To-day to get lovers, to-morrow to lose 'em,
Is all that the innocent Phillis requires.
Here's to the gay little Jessy, who simpers
So vastly good humour'd, whatever is done;
She'll kiss you, and that without whining or whimpers,
And do what you please with you—all out of fun.
Dear creatures, &c.

A bumper to Fanny—I know you will scorn her,
Because she's a prude, and her nose is so curl'd;
But if ever you chatted with Fan in a corner,
You'd say she's the best little girl in the world!
Another to Liddy, still struggling with duty,
And asking her conscience still, "whether she should;"
While her eyes, in the silent confession of beauty,
Say "Only for *something* I certainly would!"
Dear creatures, &c.

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Fill for Chloe, bewitchingly simple,
Who angles the heart without knowing her lure;
Still wounding around with a blush or a dimple,
Nor seeming to feel that she also could cure!
Here's pious Susan, the saint, who alone, sir,
Could ever have made me religious outright,
For had I such a dear little saint of my own, sir,
I'd pray on my knees to her half the long night!
Dear creatures, &c.

SONG.

If I swear by that eye, you'll allow
Its look is so sifting and new,
That the oath I might take on it now,
The very next glance would undo!

These babies that nestle so sly,
Such different arrows have got,
That an oath on the glance of an eye,
Such as yours, may be off in a shot!

Should I swear by the dew on your lip,
Though each moment the treasure renews,
If my constancy wishes to trip,
I may kiss off the oath when I chose

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Or a sigh may disperse from that flower
The dew and the oath that are there;
And I'd make a new vow every hour,
To lose them so sweetly in air!

But clear up the heav'n of your brow,
Nor fancy my faith is a feather;
On my heart I will pledge you my vow,
And they both must be broken together!

WHERE IS THE NYMPH.

Where is the nymph, whose azure eye
Can shine through rapture's tear?
The sun is sunk, the moon is high,
And yet she comes not here!

Was that her footstep on the hill,
Her voice upon the gale?
No, 'twas the wind, and all is still,
Oh, Maid of Marlivale!

Come to me, love, I've wander'd far,
'Tis past the promis'd hour;
Come to me, love, the twilight star
Shall guide thee to my bower.

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MARY.

Mary, I believ'd thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing;
But now I mourn that e'er I knew
A girl so fair, and so deceiving.

How few have ever lov'd like me,
Oh! I have lov'd thee too sincerely!
And few have e'er deceiv'd like thee,
Alas deceiv'd me too severely!

Fare thee well, yet think a while
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee,
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee, than live without thee!

Fare thee well, I'll think of thee,
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;
For see, distracting woman! see,
My peace is gone, my heart is broken!
Fare thee well!

WHY DOES AZURE DECK THE SKY.

Why does azure deck the sky?
'Tis to be like thy eyes of blue;
Why is red the rose's dye?
Because it is thy blush's hue.

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All that's fair, by love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

Why is falling snow so white,
But to be like thy bosom fair?
Why are solar beams so bright?
That they may seem thy golden hair!
All that's bright, by love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

Why are nature's beauties felt?
Oh! 'tis thine in her we see!
Why has music power to melt?
Oh! because it speaks like thee!
All that's sweet, by love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

COME, TAKE THE HARP.

Come, take the harp—'tis vain to muse
Upon the gathering ills we see!
Oh! take the harp, and let me lose
All thoughts of ill in hearing thee!

Sing to me, love!—though death were near,
Thy song could make my soul forget—
Nay, nay, in pity, dry that tear,
All may be well, be happy yet!

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Let me but see that snowy arm
Once more upon the dear harp lie,
And I will cease to dream of harm,
Will smile at fate, while thou art nigh!

Give me that strain, of mournful touch,
We us'd to love, long, long ago,
Before our hearts had known as much
As now, alas! they bleed to know!

Sweet notes! they tell of former peace,
Of all that look'd so rapturous then,
Now wither'd, lost—oh! pray thee, cease,
I cannot bear those sounds again!

Art thou too wretched? yes, thou art;
I see thy tears flow fast with mine—
Come, come to this devoted heart,
'Tis breaking, but it still is thine!

TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY.

MERRILY every bosom boundeth,
Merrily oh! merrily oh!
Where the song of freedom soundeth,
Merrily oh! merrily oh!
Where the song of freedom soundeth,
Merrily oh! merrily oh!

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There the warrior's arms
Shed more splendour;
There the maiden's charms
Shine more tender:
Ev'ry joy the land surroundeth,
Merrily oh! merrily oh!
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily oh! Merrily oh! merrily oh!

Wearily ev'ry bosom pineth,
Wearily oh! wearily oh!
Where the bond of slav'ry twineth,
Wearily oh! wearily oh!
There the warrior's dart
Hath no fleetness;
There the maiden's heart
Hath no sweetness;
Ev'ry flow'r of life declineth,
Wearily oh! wearily oh!
Wearily, wearily, &c.
Cheerily then from hill and valley,
Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!
Like your native fountains sally,
Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!
If a glorious death,
Won by bravery,
Sweeter be than breath
Sigh'd in slavery;

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Round the flag of freedom rally,
Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!
Cheerily, cheerily, &c.

THE LIGHT HOUSE.

THE scene was more beautiful far to my eye,
Than if day in its pride had array'd it,
The land breeze blew mild; and the azure arch'd sky
Look'd pure as the Spirit that made it:
The murmur rose soft as I silently gaz'd
In the shadowy waves' playful motion,
From the dim distant hill, 'till the Light-house fire blaz'd
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.
No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast
Was heard in his wildly breath'd numbers,
The sea-bird had flown to her wave girdled nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers:
One moment I look'd from the hill's gentle slope,
All hush'd was the billows' commotion,
And tho't that the Light-house look'd lovely as hope,
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
That blaz'd on the breast of the billow:

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In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion;
O then may the seraph of mercy arise,
Like a star on eternity's ocean.

LOVE MY MARY.

2d Voice..Love, my Mary, dwells with thee,
On thy cheek his bed I see;
1st Voice.No, that cheek is pale with care,
Love can find no roses there;
No, no, no, no, no, no,
No roses there, no, no.
Duett.....'Tis not on the cheek of rose,
Love can find the best repose,
In my heart his home thou'lt see,
There he lives, and lives for thee.

2d Voice..Love, my Mary, ne'er can roam,
While he makes that eye his home.
1st Voice.No, the eye with sorrow dim,
Ne'er can be a home for him,
Ne'er can be, no, no, no,
A home for him, no, no.
Duett.....Yet 'tis not in beaming eyes
Love for ever warmest lies;
In my heart his home thou'lt see,
There he lives, and lives for thee.

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I KNEW BY THE SMOKE.

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
"A heart that was humble might hope for it here."
'Twas noon, and on flowers that languish'd around
In silence repos'd the voluptuous bee:
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the wood-pecker, tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And "Here in this lone little wood," I exclaim'd,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul, and to eye,
"Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep when I blam'd,
"How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!
"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
"In the gush of the fountain how sweet to recline,
"And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
"Which had never been sigh'd on, by any but mine!"

A SPIRIT THERE IS.

A SPIRIT there is, whose fragrant sigh
Is burning now through earth and air,
Where cheeks are blushing, the spirit is nigh,
Where lips are meeting, the spirit is there!

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His breath is the soul of flowers like these,
And his floating eyes—oh! they resemble
Blue water-lilies,* when the breeze
Is making the stream around them tremble.

Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling power!
Spirit of love, spirit of bliss!
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

By the fair and brave,
Who blushing unite,
Like the sun and wave,
When they meet at night!

By the tear that shows
When passion is nigh,
As the rain-drop flows
From the heat of the sky!

By the first love-beat
Of the youthful heart,
By the bliss to meet,
And the pain to part!

By all that thou hast
To mortals given,

* The blue lotos, which grows in Cashmere, and in Persia.

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Which—oh! could it last,
This earth were heaven!

We call thee hither, entrancing power!
Spirit of love! spirit of bliss!
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

TELL ME NOT OF JOYS ABOVE.

Tell me not of joys above,
If that world can give no bliss,
Truer, happier than the love
Which enslaves our souls in this!

Tell me not of Houris' eyes;
Far from me their dangerous glow,
If those looks that light the skies
Wound like some that burn below!

Who that feels what love is here,
All its falsehood, all its pain,
Would, for e'en Elysium's sphere,
Risk the fatal dream again?

Who, that midst a desert's heat
Sees the waters fade away,
Would not rather die than meet
Streams again as false as they?

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I KNOW WHERE THE WING'D.

I know where the wing'd visions dwell
That around the night-bed play;
I know each herb and flowret's bell,
Where they hide their wings by day.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The imag[illegible] love, that nightly flies
To visit the bashful maid,
Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs
Its soul, like her, in the shade.
The hope, in dreams, of a happier hour
That alights on misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery-almond flower,
That blooms on a leafless bough.*
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The visions, that oft to wordly eyes
The glitter of mines unfold;
Inhabit the mountain herb,† that dyes
The tooth of the fawn like gold.

* "The Almond-tree, with white flowers, blossoms on the bare branches."
—*Hasselquist.*

† An herb on Mount Libanus, which is said to communicate a yellow golden hue to the teeth of the goats and other animals that graze upon it.

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The phantom shapes—oh touch not them—
That appal the murderer's sight,
Lurk in the fleshly mandrake's stem,
That shrieks when torn at night!
Then hasten we maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The dream of the injur'd, patient mind,
That smiles at the wrongs of men,
Is found in the bruis'd and wounded rind
Of the cinnamon, sweetest then!
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

COME HITHER, COME HITHER.

Come hither, come hither—by night and by day,
We linger in pleasures that never are gone;
Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,
Another as sweet and as shining comes on.
And the Love that is o'er, in expiring, gives birth
To a new one as warm, as unequall'd in bliss;
And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

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Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their sigh
As the flower of the Amra just op'd by a bee;*
And precious their tears as that rain from the sky,†
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.
Oh! think what the kiss and the smile must be worth,
When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in bliss;
And own if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Here sparkles the nectar that, hallowed by love,
Could draw down those angels of old from their sphere,
Who for wine of this earth‡ left the fountains above,
And forgot heav'n's stars for the eyes we have here.
And bless'd with the odour our goblet gives forth,
What Spirit the sweets of his Eden would miss?
For oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

THERE'S A BLISS.

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,

* "Delightful are the flowers of the Amra trees on the mountain-tops, while the murmuring bees pursue their voluptuous toil."—*Song of Jayadeva.*

† "The Nisan or drops of spring rain, which they believe to produce pearls if they fall into shells."—*Richardson.*

‡ For an account of the share which wine had in the fall of the angels, v. *Marâti.*

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With heart never changing and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

FLY TO THE DESERT.

Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But oh! the choice what heart can doubt
Of tents with love or thrones without?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor lov'd the less
For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope
The silvery-footed antelope
As gracefully and gaily springs
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come—thy Arab maid will be
The lov'd and lone acacia tree,
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness.

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Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes
Predestin'd to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breathed and shone;
New as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if lov'd for years!

Then fly with me—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away that thou hast sworn,
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,
Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first 'tis by the lapwing found.*

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break

* The hudhud, or lapwing, is supposed to have the power of discovering water under ground.

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Her worshipp'd image from its base,
To give to me the ruin'd place ;—

Then, fare thee well—I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake,
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine !

FROM CHINDARA'S WARBLING.

From Chindara's* warbling fount I come,
Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell ;
From Chindara's fount, my fairy home,
Where in music, morn and night, I dwell ;
Where lutes in the air are heard about,
And voices are singing the whole day long,
And every sigh the heart breathes out
Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song !
Hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.
For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,

* "A fabulous fountain, where instruments are said to be constantly playing."—*Richardson.*

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That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly!

And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
Ruffles the wave but sweetens it too!

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway
The Spirits of past Delight obey;—
Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
And they come, like Genii, hovering round.
And mine is the gentle song that bears,
From soul to soul, the wishes of love,
As a bird, that wafts through genial airs
The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.*

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
The past, the present, and future of pleasure;
When memory links the tone that is gone
With the blissful tone that's still in the ear;
And hope from a heavenly note flies on
To a note more heavenly still that is near!

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,
Can as downy soft and as yielding be

* "The Pompadour pigeon is the species, which, by carrying the fruit of the cinnamon to different places, is a great dessemínator of this valuable tree."—*V. Brown's* Illustr. Tab. 19.

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As his own white plume, that high amid death
Through the field has shown—yet moves with a breath.

And, oh how the eyes of Beauty glisten,
When Music has reach'd her inward soul,
Like the silent stars, that wink and listen
While heav'n's eternal melodies roll!
So, hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

THERE'S A BOWER OF ROSES.

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,*
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.
That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think—is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

* A river which flows near the ruins of Chilminar.

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No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly they shone,
And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.
Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breaths of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm BENDEMEER!

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listen'd to the Springs
Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaim'd this child of air,
"Are the holy Spirits who wander there,
"Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
"Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,

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"And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
"One blossom of Heaven out-blooms them all!
"Though sunny the Lake of cool CASHMERE,
"With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,*
"And sweetly the founts of that Valley fall;
"Though bright are the waters of SING-SU-HAY,
"And the golden floods that thitherward stray,†
"Yet—oh! 'tis only the Blest can say
"How the waters of Heaven outshine them all!
"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
"From world to luminous world, as far
"As the universe spreads its flaming wall."

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL—farewell to thee, ARABY'S daughter!
(Thus warbled a PERI beneath the dark sea)
No pearl ever lay, under OMAN'S green water,
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
How light was thy heart till love's witchery came,

* "Numerous small islands emerge from the Lake of Cashmere. One is called Char Chenaur, from the plane-trees upon it."—*Forster.*

† "The Altan Kol, or Golden River of Tibet, which runs into the Lakes of Sing-su-hay, has abundance of gold in its sands, which employs the inhabitants all the summer in gathering it."—*Description of Tibet in Pinkerton.*

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Like the wind of the south* o'er a summer lute blowing,
And hush'd all it music and wither'd its frame!

But long upon ARABY's green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
With nought but the sea-star† to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date season is burning,
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,‡
The happiest there, from their pastime returning,
At sun-set, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses
Her dark-flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate, till neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Now shall IRAN, belov'd of her hero! forget thee,—
Tho' tyrants watch over her tears as they start,

* "This wind (the Samoor) so softens the strings of lutes, that they can never be tuned while it lasts."—*Stephen's Persia.*

† "One of the greatest curiosities found in the Persian Gulf is a fish which the English call Star-fish. It is circular, and at night very luminous, resembling the full moon surrounded by rays."—*Mirza Abu Taleb.*

‡ For a description of the merriment of the date-time, of their work, their dances, and their return home from the palm-groves at the end of autumn with the fruits, v. *Kempfer, Amoenitat. Exot.*

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Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee,
Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With every thing beauteous that grows in the deep;
Each flower of the rock, and each gem of the billow,
Shall sweeten thy bed, and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the lovliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;*
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd chamber,
We Peris of ocean, by moon-light have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian† are sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
The'll weep for the chieftain who died on that mountain,
They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in this wave.

* Some naturalists have imagined that amber is a concretion of the tears of birds.—v. *Trevoux, Chambers.*

† "The bay Kieselarke, which is otherwise called the Golden Bay, the sand whereof shines as fire."—*Struy.*

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WHEN WEARIED WRETCHES SINK TO SLEEP.

Sic juvat perire.

When wearied wretches sink to sleep,
How heavenly soft their slumbers lie;
How sweet is death to those who weep,
To those who weep, and long to die.

Saw you the soft and grassy bed
Where flow'rets deck the green earth's breast?
'Tis there I wish to lay my head,
'Tis there I wish to sleep at rest.

Oh! let not tears embalm my tomb,
None but the dews by twilight given:
Oh! let not sighs disturb the gloom,
None but whispering winds of Heaven.

BEAM OF TRANQUILLITY.

A beam of tranquillity smil'd in the west,
The storms of the morning pursued us no more,
And the wave, while it welcom'd the moment of rest,
Still heav'd, as remembering ills that were o'er!

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,
Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead,

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And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd their power,
As the billow the form of the gale that was fled!

I thought of the days, when to pleasure alone
My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh;
When the saddest emotion my bosom had known,
Was pity for those who were wiser than I!

I felt, how the pure, intellectual fire
In luxury loses its heavenly ray;
How soon in the lavishing cup of desire,
The pearl of the soul may be melted away!

And I pray'd of that Spirit who lighted the flame,
That pleasure no more might its purity dim;
And that sullied but little, or brightly the same,
I might give back the gem I had borrow'd from him!

The thought was ecstatic! I felt as if Heaven
Had already the wreath of eternity shown;
As if, passion all chasten'd and error forgiven,
My heart had begun to be purely its own!

I look'd to the west, and the beautiful sky
Which morning had clouded, was clouded no more—
"Oh! thus," I exclaim'd, "can a heavenly Eye
"Shed light on the soul that was darken'd before!"*

* Psalm iv. 6.—*Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.*

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THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

WRITTEN AT NORFOLK IN VIRGINIA.

"THEY made her grave, too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,*
Where all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footstep of death is near!"

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before!

And, when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

* The Great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve miles distant from Norfolk, and the lake in the middle of it, (about seven miles long) is called Drummond's Pond.

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And near him, the she-wolf stirred the brake,
And the copper-snake breath'd in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh! when shall I see the dusky lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface play'd—
"Welcome," he said, "my dear-one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid!

'Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from the shore;
Far he follow'd the meteor spark,
The wind was high and clouds were dark,
And the boat return'd no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp
This lover and maid so true,
Are seen, at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

LYING.

I DO confess, in many a sigh
My lips have breath'd you many a lie,

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And who, with such delights in view,
Would lose them for a lie or two?
Nay—look not thus, with brow reproving;
Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving!
If half we tell the girls were true,
If half we swear to think and do,
Were aught but lying's bright illusion,
The world would be in strange confusion!

If ladies' eyes were, every one,
As lovers swear, a radiant sun,
Astronomy should leave the skies,
To learn her lore in ladies' eyes!

Oh no!—believe me, lovely girl,
When nature turns your teeth to pearl,
Your neck to snow, your eyes to fire,
Your yellow locks to golden wire,
Then, only then, can heaven decree,
That you should live for only me,
Or I for you, as night and morn
We've swearing kiss'd, and kissing sworn!

And now, my gentle hints to clear,
For once, I'll tell you truth, my dear:
Whenever you may chance to meet
A loving youth, whose love is sweet,

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Long as you're false, and he believes you;
Long as you trust, and he deceives you,
So long the blissful bond endures;
And while he lies, his heart is yours:
But oh! you've wholly lost the youth,
The instant that he tells you truth!

WHEN I LOV'D YOU.

To .....

When I lov'd you, I can't but allow
I had many an exquisite minute;
But the scorn that I feel for you now
Hath even more luxury in it!
Thus, whether we're on or we're off,
Some witchery seems to await you;
To love you is pleasant enough,
And oh! 'tis delicious to hate you!

WELL—PEACE TO THY HEART.

Well—peace to thy heart, though another's it be,
And health to thy cheek, though it bloom not for me!

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To-morrow, I sail for those cinnamon groves,*
Where nightly the ghost of the Caribee roves ;
And, far from thine eye, oh ! perhaps, I may yet
Its seduction forgive, and its splendour forget !
Farewell to Bermuda,† and long may the bloom
Of the lemon and myrtle its valleys perfume ;

* When I wrote these lines, I had some idea of leaving Bermuda, and visiting the West-India islands.

Pinkerton has said that "a good history and description of the Bermudas might afford a pleasing addition to the geographical library ;" but there certainly are not materials for such a work. The island, since the time of its discovery, has experienced so very few vicissitudes, the people have been so indolent, and their trade so limited, there is but little which the historian could amplify into importance ; and, with respect to the natural productions of the country, the few which the inhabitants can be induced to cultivate are so common in the West Indies, that they have been described by every naturalist who has written any account of those islands.

The women of Bermuda, though not generally handsome, have an affectionate languor in their look and manner, which is always interesting. What the French imply by their epithet *aimante*, seems very much the character of the young Bermudian girls—that predisposition to loving, which, without being awakened by any particular object, diffuses itself through the general manner, in a tone of tenderness, which never fails to fascinate. The men of the island, I confess, are not very civilized ; and the old philosophers, who imagined that, after this life, men would be changed into mules, and women into turtle-doves, would find the metamorphosis in some degree anticipated at Bermuda.

† The inhabitants pronounce the name as if it were written Bermooda. See the commentators on the words "still vex'd Bermoothes," in the Tempest.—I wonder it did not occur to some of those all-reading gentlemen, that, possibly, the discoverer of this "island of hogs and devils" might have been no less a personage than the great John Bermudez, who, about the same period (the beginning of the sixteenth century) was sent patriarch of the Latin

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May spring to eternity hallow the shade,
Where Ariel has warbled, and Waller has stray'd!
And thou—when, at dawn, thou shalt happen to roam
Through the lime-covered alley that leads to thy home,
Where oft, when the dance and the revel were done,
And the stars were beginning to fade in the sun,
I have led thee along, and have told by the way
What my heart all the night had been burning to say—
Oh! think of the past—give a sigh to those times,
And a blessing for me to that alley of limes!

THE STEERSMAN'S SONG.

WRITTEN ABOARD THE BOSTON FRIGATE, 28 APRIL.*

When freshly blows the northern gale,
And under courses snug we fly;
When brighter breezes swell the sail,
And royals proudly sweep the sky;

church to Ethiopia, and has left us most wonderful stories of the Amazons and the Griffins which he encountered. *Travels of the Jesuits*, Vol. I. I am afraid, however, it would take the patriarch rather too much out of his way.

* I left Bermuda in the Boston about the middle of April, in company with the Cambrian and Leander, aboard the latter of which was the Admiral, Sir Andrew Mitchell, who divides his year between Halifax and Bermuda, and is the very soul of society and good fellowship to both. We separated in a few days, and the Boston after a short cruise proceeded to New-York.

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'Longside the wheel, unwearied still
I stand, and as my watchful eye
Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,
I think of her I love, and cry,
Port, my boy! port.

When calms delay, or breezes blow
Right from the point we wish to steer;
When by the wind close-haul'd we go,
And strive in vain the port to near!
I think 'tis thus the fates defer
My bliss with one that's far away,
And while remembrance springs to her,
I watch the sails and sighing, say,
Thus, my boy! thus.

But see, the wind draws kindly aft,
All hands are up, the yards to square,
And now the floating stu'n-sails waft
Our stately ship through waves and air.
Oh! then I think that yet for me
Some breeze of fortune thus may spring,
Some breeze to waft me, love, to thee!
And in that hope I smiling sing,
Steady, boy! so.

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GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

AIR—"*The Maid of the Valley.*"

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest,
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be:
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me.

When, at eve, thou rovest,
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its ling'ring roses,
Once so lov'd by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them;
Oh! then remember me.

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When around thee dying
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me;
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then should music stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee:
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I us'd to sing thee—
Oh! then remember me.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.

AIR—"*Molly Mac Alpin.*"

REMEMBER the glories of BRIEN the brave,*
Though the days of the hero are o'er;
Though lost to Mononia,† and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora‡ no more!
That star of the field, which so often has pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set;

* Brien Borombe the great, monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 11th century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty five engagements. † Munster. ‡ The palace of Brien.

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But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to victory yet.

Mononia! when nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should plant
The footstep of slavery there?
No! Freedom, whose smiles we shall never resign,
Go, tell our invaders the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions,* who stood
In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd, and died!
The sun, that now blesses our arms with his light,
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain:—
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain.

* This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalagais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. "Let stakes,' they said, "be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man." "Between seven and eight hundred wounded men," adds O'Halloran, "pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops:—never was such another sight exhibited."

History of Ireland, Book XII. Chap. I.

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ERIN.

AIR—"*Aileen Aroon.*"

ERIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes,
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies:
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Sadd'ning through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns, with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise.

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in heaven's sight,
One arch of peace.

THE HARP.

AIR—"*Gramachree.*"

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;

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And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more the chiefs and ladies bright,
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord, alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

AIR—"*The Brown Maid.*"

OH! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid:
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, tho' in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps,
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

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WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

AIR—"*The Fox's Sleep.*"

WHEN he who adores thee,* has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrow behind,
O say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep—and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For heav'n can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine:—
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that heaven can give,
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

FLY NOT YET.

AIR—"*Planxty Kelly.*"

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour,
When pleasure, like the midnight flow'r,

* These words allude to a story in an old Irish manuscript, which is too long and too melancholy to be inserted here.

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That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids that love the moon:
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade,
That beauty and the moon were made:
'Tis then, their soft attractions glowing,
Set the tides and goblets flowing:
Oh! stay,—Oh! stay,—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to night, that, oh! 'tis pain,
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd
In times of old through Ammon's shade,*
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near:
And thus should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle, till the night returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.
Oh! stay,—Oh! stay,—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake,
As those that sparkle here?

* Solis Fons, near the temple of Ammon.

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OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

AIR—"*John O'Reilly, the active.*"

OH! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now;
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night,
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowr's,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns!
But send round the bowl, and be happy a while;
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark, heaven knows!
If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind;
But they who have lov'd, the fondest, the purest,
Who often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest,
Is happy indeed, if 'twas never deceiv'd.

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But send round the bowl, while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this pray'r shall be mine,—
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

AIR—"*Coulin.*"

THOUH the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art, shall seem Erin to me:
In exile, thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes be my climate wherever we roam.

To the gloom of some desert, or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp as wildly it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.*

* "In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an act was made respecting the habits and dress in general of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or Coulins, (long locks) on their heads, or hair on the upper lip, call-

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RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS.

AIR—"*The Summer is coming.*"

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,*
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore:
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
"So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?

ed Crommeal. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear Coulin, (or the youth with the flowing locks) to all strangers, (by which the English were meant) or those who wore their habits. Of this song, the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired."—*Walker's Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards, p.* 134.

Mr. Walker informs us also, that about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish minstrels.

* This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote. "The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels." *Warner's History of Ireland, Vol. I. Book* 10.

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"Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
"As not to be tempted by woman or gold ?"

"Sir knight, I feel not the least alarm,
"No son of Erin will offer me harm :—
"For though they love women and golden store,
"Sir knight, they love honour and virtue more."

On she went, and her maiden smile,
In safety lighted her round the green isle ;
And bless'd for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour, and Erin's pride.

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE.

AIR—"*The young man's dream.*"

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shades alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting!

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Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright ray;
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.*

AIR—"*The head of old Denis.*"

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;†
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green:
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made each dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the blest charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

* "The meeting of the waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year 1807.

† The rivers Avon and Ovoca.

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Sweet vale of Ovoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

AIR—"*The brown Thorn.*"

ST. SENANUS.*

"OH, haste and leave this sacred isle,
Unholy bark, ere morning smile,
For on thy deck, though dark it be,
A female form I see;

* In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS. and may be found among the acta sanctorum Hiberniæ, we are told of his flight to the island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party; he refused to receive even a sister saint (St. Cannera) whom an angel had taken to the island, for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer:

Cui præsul, quid fœminis
Commune est cum monarchis,
Neque ullam aliam
Admittentus in ensulam.

See the Acta Sanct. Hib. page 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the river Shannon, but O'Conner and other antiquarians deny this metamorphose indignantly.

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And I have sworn this sainted sod
Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod."

THE LADY.

"Oh, father, send not hence my bark;
Through wint'ry winds, o'er billows dark,
I come with humble heart to share
Thy morn and ev'ning pray'r;
Nor mine the feet, oh! holy saint,
The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The lady's pray'r Senanus spurn'd,
The wind blew fresh, and the bark return'd:
But legends hint, that had the maid
Till morning's light delay'd,
And giv'n the saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

AIR—"*Dermot.*"

TAKE back the virgin page,*
White and unwritten still;
Some hand more calm and sage
The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come as pure as light,
Pure as even you require;
But oh! each word I write,
Love turns to fire.

* Written on returning a blank book.

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Yet let me keep the book;
Oft shall my heart renew,
When on its leaves I look,
Dear thoughts of you.
Like you 'tis fair and bright;
Like you too bright and fair,
To let wild passions write
One wrong wish there.

Haply, when from those eyes
Far, far away, I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
Towards you and home,
Fancy may trace some line
Worthy those eyes to meet;
Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
Pure, calm, and sweet.

And, as the records are,
Which wand'ring seamen keep,
Led by their hidden star,
Through winter's deep;
So may the words I write
Tell through what storms I stray,
You still the unseen light,
Guiding my way!

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HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

AIR—"*The twisting of the Rope.*"

How dear to me the hour when day-light dies,
And sun beams melt along the silent sea;
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And mem'ry breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And as I watch the line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

THE LEGACY.

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear!
Tell her it liv'd upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, whilst it linger'd here:
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall;

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Hang it up at that friendly door
Where weary travellers love to call :*
Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master awaken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel when I'm at rest;
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty have seldom blest;
But when some warm devoted lover,
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Oh! then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

THE DIRGE.

AIR—"*The dear black Maid.*"

How oft has the Benshée cried,
How oft has death untied
Bright links that glory wove,
Sweet bonds entwin'd by love :

* "In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed, the more they excelled in music."—*O'Halloran.*

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Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth!
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth!
Long may the fair and brave,
Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

We're fall'n upon gloomy days,*
Star after star decays;
Ev'ry bright name that shed
Light o'er the land, is fled.
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy or hope, that ne'er returneth:
But brightly flows the tear
Wept o'er the hero's bier.

Oh! quench'd are our beacon lights,
Thou, of the hundred fights,†
Thou, on whose burning tongue
Truth, peace, and freedom, hung!‡
Both mute—but, long as valour shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,

* I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to that sad and ominous fatality, by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men, at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

† This designation, which has been applied to lord Nelson before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish hero, in a poem by O'Gnive, the bard of O'Neal, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey of the south of Ireland," page 433. "Con, of the hundred fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories!"

‡ Fox, "ultimus Romanorum."

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So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they liv'd and died.

WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

AIR—"*Garyone.*"

WE may roam through this world, like a child at a feast,
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest,
And when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings and be off to the west.
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gift that heav'n supplies,
We never need leave our own green isle
For sensitive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Through this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

In England, the garden of beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery, plac'd within call;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after all.

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Oh, they want the wild sweet-briery fence,
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells ;
Which warms the touch, while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.
Then remember, &c.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good bye !
While the daughters of Erin keep the boy
Even smiling beside his faithful oar,
Through billows of woe and beams of joy,
The same as he look'd when he left the shore.
Then remember me, &c.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

Oh, weep for the hour
When to Eveleen's bower
The lord of the valley with false vows came ;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind the clouds o'er the maiden's shame.
The clouds past soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame ;

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But none will see the day
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
On the narrow path-way
Where the lord of the valley cross'd over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint,
Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.
The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Ev'ry trace on the path where the false lord came;
But there's a light above
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

LET ERIN REMEMBER.

AIR—"*The red Fox.*"

LET Erin remember the days of old,
Ere faithless sons betray'd her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,*
Which he won from her proud invader;

* "This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the monarch of Ireland in the 10th century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their

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When her king with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red Branch knights* to danger,
Ere the emerald gem of the western world,
Was set in the crown of a stranger.
On Lough-Neagh's bank,† as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,

champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."

Warner's History of Ireland, Vol. I. Book 9.

* "Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland: long before the birth of Christ we find a hereditary order of chivalry in Ulster, called Curiadhe na Craoibhe ruadh, or *the Knights of the Red Branch*, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called Teagh na Craoibhe ruadh, or *the Academy of the Red Branch*; and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called Bron-bhearg, or the *House of the sorrowful Soldier*."

O'Halloran's Introduction, &c. part 1. chap. 5.

The inscription upon Connor's tomb, (for the fac-simile of which I am indebted to Mr. Murphy, chaplain of the late lady Moira) has not, I believe, been noticed by any antiquarian or traveller.

Translation of an ancient Irish inscription upon a tombstone in the abbey of Multifernon, county of Westmeath, Ireland:

A yellow lion upon green satin,
The standard of the heroes of the Red Branch,
Which Connor carried in battle,
During his frequent wars for the expulsion of foreigners.

† It was an old tradition in the time of Giraldus, that Lough-Neagh had been originally a fountain by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundat-

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He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining!
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus sighing, look through the wave of time,
For the long-faded glories they cover.

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.*

AIR—"*Arrah, my dear Eveleen.*"

SILENT, oh Moyle! be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose!
While murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep with wings in darkness furl'd?

ed, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under water. "Piscatores aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patriæ arctæ sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste, sereno tempore conspiciunt, et extraneis, transeuntibus reique causam admirantibus requenter ostendunt."

Topogr. Hib. Dist. 2. *c.* 2.

* To make this story intelligible in a song, would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at

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When shall heav'n, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world ?

Sadly, oh Moyle ! to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away :
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love ?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above ?

COME SEND ROUND THE WINE.

AIR—"*We brought the summer with us.*"

COME send round the wine, and leave points of belief
To simpleton sages and reas'ning fools ;

once ; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was by some supernatural power, transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers of Ireland, till the coming of christianity ; when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release.—I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.

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This moment's a flow'r, too fair and brief
To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools.
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,
But while they're both fill'd from the same bright bowl,
The fool who would quarrel for diff'rence of hue,
Deserves not the comfort they shed on the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side,
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same alter with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No! perish the hearts and the laws that try
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this!

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

Sublime was the warning which liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke,
Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain.
Oh! liberty! let not this spirit have rest,
Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west;
Give the light of your looks to each sorrowing spot,
Nor, oh! be the shamrock of Erin forgot,
While you add to your garland the olive of Spain!

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If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights,
Give to country its charm, and to home its delights,
If deceit be a wound and suspicion a stain;
Then ye men of Iberia! our cause is the same—
And oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath
For the shamrock of Erin and olive of Spain!

Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose which at home they had sigh'd for in vain,
Breathe a hope that the magical flame which you light,
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright;
And forgive even Albion, while blushing she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
Of the shamrock of Erin and olive of Spain!

God prosper the cause!—Oh! it cannot but thrive
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
Its devotion to feel and its rights to maintain;
Then how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!
The finger of glory shall point where they lie;
While, far from the footstep of coward or slave,
The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
Beneath shamrocks of Erin and olives of Spain!

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BELIEVE ME.

AIR—"*My lodging is on the cold ground.*"

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away;
Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear.
Oh! the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sun-flower turns on her god when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

ERIN! OH, ERIN!

AIR—"*Thamanna Hulla.*"

LIKE the bright lamp that lay in Kildare's holy shrine,*
And burn'd through long ages of darkness and storm,

* The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions, "Apud Kilderiam occurrit ignis sanctæ, Brigidæ, quem inextinguibilem

Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in vain,
Whose spirit out-lives them unfading and warm:
Erin! oh, Erin! thus bright through the tears
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit appears!

The nations have fall'n, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set;
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin! oh, Erin! though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out, when the proudest shall fade.

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwak'd by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through winter's cold hour,
Till the hand of spring her dark chain unbind,
And day-light and liberty bless the young flower.*
Erin! oh, Erin! *thy* winter is past,
And the hope that liv'd through it, shall blossom at last.

vocant; non quod extingui non possit, sed quod tam solicite moniales et sanctæ mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, fovent et nutriunt ut a tempore virgines per tot annorum curricula semper mansit inextinctus."

Girald, Camb. de Mirabil. Hibern. Dist. 2. *c.* 34.

* Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite lines on the lily, has applied this image to a still more important subject.

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DRINK TO HER.

AIR—"*Heigh ho! my Jacky.*"

DRINK to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poets sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy.
Oh! woman's heart was made
For minstrel's hands alone;
By other fingers play'd,
It yields not half the tone.
Then here's to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass,
When Wealth and Wit once stood,
They ask'd her "*which* might pass?"
She answer'd "he who could."
With golded key, Wealth thought
To pass but 'twould not do:
While Wit a diamond bought,
Which cut his bright way through!
Then here's to her who long,
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy!

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The love, that seeks a home
Where wealth or grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome,
That dwells in dark gold mines.
But oh! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere:
Its native home's above,
Though woman keeps it here!
Then drink to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy!

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

AIR—"*Kitty Tyrrel.*"

Oh! blame not the bard if he fly to the bow'rs,*
Where pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at fame;
He was born for much more, and in happier hours,
His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame.

* We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards, whom Spencer so severely, and perhaps, truly, describes in this state of Ireland, and whose poems he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good graces and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

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The string, that now languishes loose on the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow* to the warrior's dart;
And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,
Might have pour'd the full tide of the patriot's heart!

But alas! for his country—her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken which never would bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
Unpriz'd are her sons, till they've learned to betray;
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires,
And the torch that would light them through dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream
He should try to forget what he never can heal;
Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!

* It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from *Yr*, the Runic for *a bow*, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following: "So that Ireland, (called the land of *Ire*, for the constant broils therein for 400 years,) was now become the land of Concord."

Lloyd's State Worthies, Art. The Lord Grandison.

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That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down
Every passion it nurs'd, every bliss it ador'd,
While the myrtle, now idly entwin'd with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.*

But, though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
Thy name, lov'd Erin! shall live in his songs!
Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is most gay,
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs!

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains,
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep!

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

AIR—"*Oonagh.*"

WHILE gazing on the moon's light,
A moment from her smile I turn'd
To look at orbs that more bright,
In lone and distant glory burn'd.

* See the hymn, attributed to Alcæus, Εν μυρτω κλαδι το ξιφος φορησω—"I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," &c.

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But too far
Each proud star,
For me to feel its warming flame,
Much more dear
That mild sphere,
Which near our planet smiling came!*
Thus Mary dear, be thou mine own,
While brighter eyes unheeded play,
I'll love those moon-light looks alone,
Which bless my home, and guide my way.

The day had sunk in dim showers,
But midnight now, with lustre meek,
Illumin'd all the pale flowers,
Like hope that lights a mourner's cheek.
I said, (while
The moon's smile
Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss,)
"The moon looks
On many brooks,
The brook can see no moon but this;"†

* "Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, all despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than all put together." *Whiston's Theory, &c.*

In the *Entretiens d'Ariste*, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky, without a moon, with the words *Non mille, quod absens.*

† This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones' works: "The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon."

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And thus I thought our fortunes run,
For many a lover looks to thee,
While oh! I feel but one,
One Mary in the world for me.

ILL OMENS.

AIR—"*Paddy's Resource.*"

WHEN day-light was yet sleeping under the billow,
And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
The last time she e'er was to press it alone.
For the youth that she treasur'd her heart and her soul in,
Had promis'd to link the last tie before noon,
And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
A butterfly, fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.
Enrag'd with the insect for hiding her graces,
She brush'd him—he fell, alas! never to rise—

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" Ah! such," said the girl, " is the pride of our faces,
For which the soul's innocence too often dies."

While she stole thro' the garden, where heart's ease was growing,
She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew;
And a rose, further on, look'd so tempting and glowing,
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too.
But while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
Her zone flew in two, and her heart's ease was lost—
" Ah! this means," said the girl, (and she sigh'd at its meaning,)
" That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost."

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

AIR—" *The Fairy Queen.*"

By the hope within us springing,
Herald of to-morrow's strife,
And by that sun, whose light is bringing
Chains or freedom, death or life—
Oh! remember life can be
No charm for him who lives not free.
Sinks the hero to his grave,
Like the day-star in the wave,

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Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears!
Bless'd is he o'er whose decline
The smiles of home may soothing shine,
And light him down the steep of years.
But oh! how grand they sink to rest,
Who close their eyes in vict'ry's breast.

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers,
Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
While his heart that field remembers,
Where we dimm'd his glory's light!
Never let him bind again
A chain like that we broke from then.
Hark! the horn of combat calls—
Oh! before the evening falls,
May we pledge that horn in triumph round.*
Many a heart that now beats high
In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken ev'n at victory's sound:—
But oh! how blest that hero's sleep,
O'er whom a wondering world shall weep!

* "The Irish corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages, our ancestors quaffed mead out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day."—*Walker.*

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AFTER THE BATTLE.

AIR—"*Thy fair bosom.*"

NIGHT clos'd around the conqueror's way,
And lightning show'd the distant hill,
Where those that lost that dreadful day
Stood few and faint, but fearless still!
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever crost!
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost!

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valour's task mov'd slowly by,
While mute they watch'd till morning's beam
Should rise, and give them light to die!
There is a world, where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this!

OH! 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

AIR—"*Thady you gander.*"

OH! 'tis sweet to think, that where e'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear;

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And that when we're far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near!*
The heart, like a tendril accustom'd to cling,
Let it go where it will, cannot flourish alone;
But will lean to the nearest, and loveliest thing
It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.
Then oh! what pleasure where e'er we rove,
To be doom'd to find something still that is dear,
And to know when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest if the rose is not there;
And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike;
They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too:
And whenever a new beam of beauty can strike,
It will tincture love's plume with a different hue!

* I believe it is Mormontel who says "*Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, faut aimer ce que l'on a.*"—There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such *jeux d'esprit* as this defence of inconstancy, to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them that Democritus was not the worst physiologist, for having playfully contended that snow was black; nor Erasmus, in any degree, the less wise, for having written an ingenious encomium on folly.

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Then oh! what pleasure, where e'er we rove,
To be doom'd to find something, still, that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

THROUGH GRIEF AND THROUGH DANGER.

AIR—"*I once had a true love.*"

THROUGH grief and through danger, thy smile hath cheer'd my way,
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay:
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd,
Oh! slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And bless'd ev'n the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

Thy rival was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd,
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd;
She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in caves,
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;

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Yet, cold in the earth, at thy feet I would rather be!
Than wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee.
They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
Had'st thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale!
They say too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains—
Oh! do not believe them—no chain could that soul subdue,
Where shineth thy spirit, there liberty shineth too!*

ON MUSIC.

AIR—"*The banks of Banna.*"

WHEN through life unblest we rove,
Loosing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we us'd to love
In days of boyhood, meet our ear;
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain,
Wak'ning thoughts that long have slept,
Kindling former smiles again,
In faded eyes that long have wept.

* "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." *St. Paul*, 2 Corinthians, iii. 17.

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Like the gale, that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
In the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours:
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in music's Breath!

Music!—oh! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are ev'n more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.

AIR—"*The Sixpence.*"

It is not the tear at this moment shed,*
When the cold turf has just been lain o'er him,
That can tell how belov'd was the soul that's fled,
Or how deep in our our hearts we deplore him:

* These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative, who died lately at Madeira.

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'Tis the tear through many a long day wept,
Through a life by his loss all shaded,
'Tis the sad remembrance fondly kept,
When all other griefs are faded!

Oh! thus shall we mourn, and his memory's light,
While it shines thro' our hearts will improve them;
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he liv'd but to love them!
And, as buried saints the grave perfume,
Where, fadeless they've long been lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
From the image he left there in dying!

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

AIR—"*Gang fane.*"

'Tis believ'd that this Harp which I now wake for thee,
Was a Syren, of old, who sung under the sea,
And who often at eve thro' the bright billow rov'd
To meet on the green shore a youth whom she lov'd.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold ringlets to steep,
Till heav'n look'd, with pity, on true-love so warm,
And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form!

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Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smil'd the same,
While her sea-beauties gracefully curl'd round the frame;
And her hair, shedding tear-drops from all its bright rings,
Fell over her white arms, to make the gold strings!*

Hence it came that this soft Harp so long hath been known,
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To be love, when I'm near thee, and grief, when away!

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

AIR—"*The old Woman.*"

OH! the days are gone, when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love!
New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam;

* This thought was suggested by an ingenious design, prefixed to an ode upon St. Cecilia, publish'd some years since, by Mr. Hudson of Dublin.

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But there's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream!
Oh! there nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream!

Though the bard to a purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one lov'd name!

Oh! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
Which first love trac'd;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste!
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed,
'Twas morning's winged dream!
'Twas a light, that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!
Oh! 'twas light, that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

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THE PRINCE'S DAY.*

AIR—"*St. Patrick's Day.*"

THOUGH dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
And smile through our tears like a sun beam in show'rs;
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More form'd to be tranquil and blest than ours!
But, just when the chain
Has ceas'd to pain,
And hope has enwreath'd it round with flow'rs,
There comes a new link
Our spirits to sink!
Oh! the joy of such hearts, like the light of the poles,
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay:
But though 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
We must light it up now, on our Prince's day.

Contempt on the minion, who calls you disloyal!
Though fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.
While cowards, who blight
Your fame, your right,

* This song was written for a fete in honour of the Prince of Wales' birth day, given by my friend, Major Bryan, last year, (1810) at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

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Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array;
The standard of green
In front would be seen—
Oh! my life on your faith! were you summon'd this minute,
You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,
When rous'd by the foe, on her Prince's day.

He loves the green isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts which have suffer'd too much to forget;
And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet!
The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast
A light to the last!
And thus Erin, my country! though broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay;
A spirit, that beams through each suffering part,
And now smiles at their pain, on the Prince's day.

WEEP ON.

AIR—"*The Song of Sorrow.*"

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past,
Your dreams of pride are o'er;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more!

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In vain the Hero's heart hath bled;
The Sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain;
Oh Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again!

Weep on—Perhaps in after days
They'll learn to love your name;
And many a deed may wake in praise,
That long hath slept in blame!
And when they tread the ruin'd isle,
Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
They'll wond'ring ask, how hands so vile
Could conquer hearts so brave?

"'Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate
"Your web of discord wove;
"And while your tyrants join'd in hate,
"You never join'd in love!
"But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,
"And man profan'd what God had given,
"Till some were heard to curse the shrine,
"Where others knelt to heaven!

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

AIR—"*Nora Creina.*"

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth:

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Right and left its arrows fly,
  But what they aim at no one dreameth!
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
  My Nora's lid, that seldom rises;
Few her looks, but ev'ry one,
  Like unexpected light, surprises!
  Oh, my Nora Creina, dear!
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina!
    Beauty lies
    In many eyes,
But love in yours, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
  But all so close the nymph hath lac'd it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
  Presumes to stay where nature plac'd it!
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
  That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
  To sink or swell, as heaven pleases!
  Yes, my Nora Creina, dear!
My simple, graceful Nora Creina!
    Nature's dress
    Is loveliness,
The dress you wear, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia hath a wit refin'd,
  But, when its points are gleaming round us,

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Who can tell if they're design'd
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber love reposes;
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses!
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear!
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
Wit, though bright
Hath not the light,
That warms your eyes, my Nora Creina!

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

AIR—"*Domhnall.*"

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of time
And waste its bloom away, MARY!
Yet still thy features wore that light,
Which fleet not with the breath;
And life ne'er look'd more purely bright
Than in thy smile of death, MARY!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
With modest murmur glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, MARY!

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So veil'd beneath a simple guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that which charm'd all other eyes,
Seem'd worthless in thy own, MARY!

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left thy sphere;
Or, could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, MARY!
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee, MARY!*

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

AIR—"*Open the Door.*"

SHE is far from the land, where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing,
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying!

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains
Every note which she lov'd awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking!

* I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's—"Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"

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He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died;
They were all that to life had entwin'd him,—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

Oh! make her a grave, where the sun beams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own lov'd island of sorrow!

BY THAT LAKE WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.

AIR—"*The brown Irish Girl.*"

By that lake,* whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er,†
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young St. Keven stole to sleep.
"Here, at least," he calmly said,
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed"—
Ah! the good saint little knew,
What that wiley sex can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,
Eyes of most unholy blue!

* This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rocks is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

† There are many other curious traditions concerning this lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Toglan, &c.

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She had lov'd him well and long,
Wish'd him her's, nor thought it wrong,
Wheresoe'er the saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh!
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last,
Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there:
But nor earth, nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be:
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah! you saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave;
Soon the saint (yet, ah! too late)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.

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When he said, "Heav'n rest her soul!"
Round the lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide!

NAY, TELL ME NOT.

AIR—"*Dennis don't be threatening.*"

NAY, tell me not, dear, that the goblet drowns
One charm of feeling, one fond regret;
Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
Are all I've sunk in its bright waves yet.
Ne'er hath a beam
Been lost in the stream,
That ever was shed from thy form or soul;
The balm of thy sighs,
The spell of thine eyes,
Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl!
Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

They tell us that Love, in his fairy bower
Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;
He sprinkled the one with the rainbow's shower,
But bath'd the other with mantling wine.
Soon did the buds,
That drank of the floods,

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Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade;
While those, which the tide
Of ruby had dy'd
All blush into beauty like thee, sweet maid!
Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts, that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

AVENGING AND BRIGHT FELL THE SWIFT SWORD OF ERIN.

AIR—"*Crooghan a Venee.*"

AVENGING* and bright fell the swift sword of Erin,
On him who the sons of Usna betray'd,
For ev'ry fond eye which waken'd a tear in,
A drop from his heart wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

* The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri, or the lamentable fate of the sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr. O'Flanagan, (see vol. 1. of Transactions of the Gaelic society of Dublin,) and upon which it appears that the "Darthula" of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of Connor, king of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. "This story," (says Mr. O'Flanagan,) "has been from time immemorial held in high repute, as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish." These are "The death

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By the red cloud that hung over Conner's dark dwelling,*
When Ulad's† three champions lay sleeping in gore;
By the billows of war which, so often, high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore!
We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

Yes, monarch! tho' sweet are our home recollections,
Tho' sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;

of the Children of Touran," "The death of the Children of Lear," (both regarding Tuatha de Danans,) and this, "The death of the children of Usnach," which is a Milesian story.—It will be recollected, that, in page 112 of these Melodies, there is a ballad upon the story of the Children of Lear or Lir: "Silent, oh Moyle!" &c.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O'Flanagan and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a very lasting reproach upon our nationality, if the Gaelic researches of these gentlemen did not meet with all the liberal encouragement which they merit.

* "Oh Naisi! view the cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Emain green a chilling cloud of blood tinged red."—*Deirdri's Song.*

† Ulster.

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Tho' sweet are our friendships, our hopes, and affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOW'RET.

AIR—"*The yellow horse.*"

HE.

WHAT the bee is to the flow'ret,
When he looks for honey dew,
Through the leaves that close embow'r it,
That, my love, I'll be to you.

SHE.

What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whisp'ring kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you, my dear!

DUETTO.

What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whisp'ring kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you, my dear!

SHE.

But, they say, the bee's a rover,
That he'll fly, when sweets are gone:

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And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on!

HE.

Nay, if flowers will lose their looks,
If sunny banks will wear away,
'Tis but right, that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them while they may.

LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

AIR—"*Cean Dubh Delish.*"

"HERE we dwell in holiest bowers,
Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend,
Where sighs of devotion and breathing of flowers,
To heaven in mingled odour ascend.
Do not disturb our calm, oh Love!
So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
It well might deceive such hearts as ours!"

Love stood near the novice, and listen'd,
And love is no novice in taking a hint;
His laughing blue eyes soon with piety glisten'd,
His rosy wing turn'd to heav'n's own tint.
"Who would have thought," the urchin cries,
"That love could so well, so gravely disguise
His wandering wings, and wounding eyes?"

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Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
Young novice! to him all thy orisons rise;
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censer's flame with his sighs.
Love is the saint enshrin'd in thy breast,
And angels themselves would admit such a guest,
If he came to them cloth'd in piety's vest.

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHECKER'D.

AIR—"*The bunch of green rushes.*"

THIS life is all checker'd with pleasures and woes,
That chase one another like waves of the deep;
Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows,
Reflecting our eyes as they sparkle or weep.
So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
That the laugh is call'd up ere the tear can be dried;
And as fast as the rain-drop of pity is shed,
The goose plumage of folly can turn it aside.
But pledge me the cup, if existence would cloy,
With hearts ever happy and heads ever wise,
Be ours the light Grief that is sister to Joy,
And the short brilliant Folly, that flashes and dies.

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
Thro' fields full of sunshine, with heart full of play,

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Light rambled the boy over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.*
Thus some who, like me, should have drawn and have tasted
That fountain, that runs by philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
And left their light urns all as empty as mine.
But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness weaves
Her flow'rets together, if Wisdom can see
One bright drop or two, that has fall'n on the leaves
From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me.

THE SHAMROCK.

AIR—"*Alley Croker.*"

THROUGH Erin's isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valour wander'd,
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd:
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass†

* Proposito florem prætulit officio.—*Propert. lib.* 1. *El.* 20.

† "Saint Patrick is said to have made use of that species of trefoil, to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the

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Shoots up with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green,
As emeralds, seen
Through purest chrystal gleaming.
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

Says Valour, "See,
They spring for me,
Those leafy gems of morning!"
Says Love, "No, no,
For me they grow,
My fragrant path adorning!"—
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, "Oh! do not sever
A type, that blends
Three godlike friends,
Love, Valour, Wit, for ever!"
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

Trinity to the pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem.

"Hope, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil or three-coloured grass in her hand."

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AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

AIR—"*Molly my dear.*"

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think that if spirits can steal from the region of air,
To revisit pale scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remember'd e'en in the sky.

Then I sing the wild song, which once 'twas rapture to hear,
When our voices both mingling breath'd like one on the ear;
And as echo far off through the valley my sad orison rolls,
I think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls*
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

* "There are countries," says Montaigne, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields, and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call echo."

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'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

AIR—"*Groves of Blarney.*"

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flow'r of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er thy bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow;
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

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ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

AIR—"*Moll Roe in the morning.*"

ONE bumper at parting—though many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any,
Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure has in it,
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas, till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth!
But come, may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit awhile,
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
But Time like a pitiless master,
Cries "onward!" and spurs the gay hours—
Ah! never does time travel faster,
Than when his way lies among flowers.
But come, may our life's happy measure,
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

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How brilliant the sun look'd in sinking!
The waters beneath him how bright!
Oh! trust me, the farewell of drinking
Should be like the farewell of light.
You saw how he finish'd by darting
His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
So fill up, let's shine at our parting,
In full liquid glory, like him.
And oh! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up;
'Twas born on the bosom of pleasure,
It dies 'mid the tears of the cup.

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

AIR—"*The dandy O!*"

THE young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove,
While the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then awake! the heav'ns look bright, my dear!
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear!
And the best of all ways,
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!
Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the sage, his star-watch keeping, love,

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And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake, till rise of sun, my dear!
The sage's glass we'll shun, my dear;
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

THE MINSTREL BOY.

AIR—"*The Moreen.*"

THE minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of Song!" said the warrior-bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
ONE sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
ONE faithful harp shall praise thee."
The minstrel fell! but the foemen's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!

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Thy song were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery."

THE SONG OF O'RUARK PRINCE OF BREFFNI.*

AIR—"*The pretty girl milking her Cow.*"

THE valley lay smiling before me,
Where lately I left her behind;
Yet I trembled and something hung o'er me,
That sadden'd the joy of my mind.

* These stanzas are founded upon an event of the most melancholy importance to Ireland; if as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of dividing, conquering, and enslaving us. The following are the circumstances as related by O'Halloran. "The king of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the king of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, prince of Breffni, yet could it not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days) and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested, to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns. The monarch Roderic espoused the cause of O'Ruark; while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II."

"Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find in an old translation,) "is the variable and fickle nature of women, by whom all mischiefs in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy."

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I look'd for the lamp which she told me
Should shine when her Pilgrim return'd;
But though darkness began to enfold me,
No lamp from the battlements burn'd.

I flew to the chamber—'twas lonely
As if the lov'd tenant lay dead!
Ah, would it were death, and death only!
But no—the young false one had fled!
And there hung the lute that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand that had wak'd it so often,
Now throbb'd to my proud rival's kiss!

There was a time, falsest of women!
When BREFFNI's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dar'd but to doubt thee in thought,
While now—oh! degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame!
And, through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Thy country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide—to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain!

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But, onward!—the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh ev'ry sword to the hilt;
On our side is VIRTUE and ERIN,
On theirs is the SAXON and GUILT.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE.

AIR—"*Sheela na Guira.*"

OH! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue Summer ocean, far off and alone;
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bow'rs,
And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flow'rs;
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love as they lov'd in the first golden time;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all Summer there!
With affection as free
From decline as the bow'rs;
And with hope, like the bee,
Living always on flow'rs;

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Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on holy and calm as the night.

FAREWELL.

AIR—"*Moll Roone.*"

FAREWELL! but whenever you welcome the hour,
Which awakens the night-song of mirth in your bow'r,
Then think of the friend who once welcom'd it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain,
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain,
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantments around him, while ling'ring with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles!—
Too blest, if it tells me, that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd "I wish he were here!"

Let fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
And which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
To bring back the features that joy us'd to wear.

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Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will;
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

OH DOUBT ME NOT.

AIR—"*Yellow Wat and the Fox.*"

OH! doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when folly made me rove,
And now the vestal Reason
Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.
Although this heart was early blown,
And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
They only shook some blossoms down,
Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when folly made me rove;
And now the vestal Reason
Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.

And though my lute no longer
May sing of passion's ardent spell,
Oh! trust me, all the stronger
I feel the bliss I do not tell.
The bee through many a garden roves,
And sings his lay of courtship o'er,
But, when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there and hums no more.

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Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when folly kept me free;
And now the vestal Reason
Shall guard the flame awak'd by thee.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.

AIR—"*Were I a Clerk.*"

You remember Ellen,* our hamlet's pride,
How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
When the stranger William had made her his bride,
And love was the light of their lowly cot.
Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
'Till William at length in sadness said,
"We must seek our fortune on other plains,"—
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the trees.
"To night," said the youth, "We'll shelter there:
The wind blows cold, the hour is late!"
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
And the porter bow'd, as they pass'd the gate.

* This ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story told of a certain noble family in England.

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"Now, Welcome, Lady!" exclaim'd the youth,—
"This castle is thine, and these dark woods all!"
She believ'd him wild, but his words were truth,
For ELLEN is Lady of Rosna hall!
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
What WILLIAM the stranger woo'd and wed;
And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
Is pure as it shone in the lowly shed.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.

AIR—"*The rose tree.*"

I'D mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smiles had left me too;
I'd weep when friends deceive me,
Hadst thou been like them untrue.
But while I've thee before me
With heart so warm, and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,
That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shar'd with thee.
One minute's dream about thee
Were worth a long, and endless year,

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Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear!

And, though the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
More safely without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me,
Along the path I've yet to roam;
The mind, that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller, at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks round in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless star-light on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which heaven sheds!

COME O'ER THE SEA.

AIR—"*Cuishlih ma chree.*"*

COME o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,

* The following are some of the original words of this wild and singular air;—they contain rather an odd assortment of grievances.

Cuishlih ma chree,
Did you but see

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Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows!
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same where e'er it goes.
Let fate frown on, so we love and part not;
'Tis life where *thou* art 'tis death where thou art not!
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows,
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where e'er it goes.

Is not the sea
Made for the free,
Land, for courts and chains alone!
Here we are slaves;
But on the waves,
Love and liberty's all our own!

No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us!

How, the rogue, he did serve me:—*Bis.*
He broke my pitcher, he spilt my water,
He kiss'd my wife, and married my daughter!
Oh! Cuishlih ma chree! &c.

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Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same where e'er it goes.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

AIR—"*Sly Patrick.*"

Has sorrow thy young days shaded
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That even in sorrow were sweet!
Does Time with his cold wings wither
Each feeling that once was dear?—
Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul so tender
Been like our Lagenian mine,*
Where sparkles of golden splendour
All over the surface shine?

* Our Wicklow gold mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, the character here given of them.

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But if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allur'd by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like love the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,*
That flitted from tree to tree,
With talisman's glittering glory—
Has Hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the sweet hours have fleeted,
When sorrow herself look'd bright;
If thus the fond hope has cheated,
That led thee along so light;
If thus the unkind world wither
Each feeling that once was dear;
Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

* "The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off with the talisman in his mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again," &c.

Arabian Nights—Story of Kummer al Zummaun and the princess of China.

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NO, NOT MORE WELCOME THE FAIRY NUMBERS.

AIR—"*Luggelaw.*"

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When, half-awaking from fearful slumbers,
He thinks the full choir of heav'n is near,—
Then came that voice, when, all forsaken,
This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
To such benign, blessed sounds again.

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer wind thro' some wreathed shell;
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell!
'Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine spoken!
I'd live years of grief and pain,
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken,
By such benign, blessed sounds again!

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

AIR—"*O Patrick fly from me.*"

WHEN first I met thee warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lip such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.

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I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, though false to all beside,
From me thou could'st not wander.
But go, deceiver! go,
The heart whose hopes could make it!
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou should'st break it!

When every tongue thy follies nam'd,
I fled th' unwelcome story;
Or found, in e'en the faults they blam'd,
Some gleams of future glory.
I still was true when nearer friends,
Conspir'd to wrong, to slight thee;
The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee.
But go, deceiver! go,—
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee;
The few who lov'd thee once, have fled,
And they who flatter, scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it,
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank, cold hearts beneath it!

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Go—go—though worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine,
For all thy guilty splendour!

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
When even those ties shall sever;
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her, thou'st lost for ever;
On her, who in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still receiv'd thee,
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believ'd thee.
Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;
Hate cannot wish thee worse,
Than guilt and shame have made thee.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE THE MEMORIAL WAS KEEPING.

AIR—"*Paddy Whack.*"

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was keeping
Of all that the dark hand of destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
For her's was the story that blotted the leaves.

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But, oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light,
That illumin'd all the volume, her WELLINGTON'S name!

"Hail, star of my Isle," said the Spirit, all sparkling
With beams, such as break from her own dewy skies;
"Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
For though Heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,
And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame;
But, oh! there is not
One dishonouring blot
On the wreath that encircles my WELLINGTON'S name!

"And still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
The grandest, the purest, e'en thou hast yet known;
Tho' proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood,
Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—
And bright o'er the flood
Of her tears and her blood,
Let the rain-bow of Hope, be her WELLINGTON'S name!"

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THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

AIR—"*Peas upon a trencher.*"

THE time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Though wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the lore she brought me;
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile, when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him, the sprite,*
Whom maids by night,
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.

* This alludes to a kind of Irish fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields, at dusk;—as long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed and in your power; but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects, *Lady Morgan* (in a note upon her national and interesting novel, O'Donnel) has given a very different account of that goblin.

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Like him, too, Beauty won me,
But, while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
Oh! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No—vain, alas! th' endeavour,
From bonds so sweet to sever;
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever!

OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE, SO LOWLY.

AIR—"*Sios agus sios liom.*"

Oh! Where's the slave, so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,

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When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of him who made it?
Farewell, Erin! farewell all,
Who live to weep our fall!

Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, untouch'd, and blowing,
Than that whose braid
Is pluck'd to shade
The brows with victory growing!
We tread the land that bore us,
Our green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us!
Farewell, Erin! farewell all,
Who live to weep our fall!

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

AIR—"*Lough Sheeling.*"

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer!
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last!

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Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torments, through glory and shame?
I knew not, I ask'd not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art!

Thou hast call'd me thy angel, in moments of bliss,—
Still thy angel I'll be, mid the horrors of this,—
Through the furnace, unshrinking thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too!

'TIS GONE AND FOR EVER.

AIR—"*Savournah Deelish.*"

'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead,
When man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
Look'd upward and bless'd the pure ray, ere it fled!
'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning,
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
And darkest of all, hapless Erin! o'er thee.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
Around thee, thro' all the gross clouds of the world;

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When Truth from her fetters indignantly starting,
At once like a sun-burst,* her banner unfurl'd.
Oh, never shall earth see a moment so splendid!
Then, then, had one hymn of deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations, how sweet had ascended
The first note of Liberty, Erin! from thee.

But shame on those tyrants, who envied the blessing!
And shame on its light race, unworthy its good,
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies caressing
The young hope of freedom, baptiz'd it in blood!
Then vanished for ever that fair, sunny vision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and elysian,
As first it arose, my lost Erin! on thee.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

AIR—"*Miss Molly.*"

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,—
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone!
Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known:

* The "sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the royal banner.

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Each wave that we danc'd on at morning ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone!

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;
Give me back, give me back, the wild freshness of Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first wak'd a new life through his frame;
And his soul, like the wood, that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

AIR—"*Bob and Joan.*"

FILL the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care,
Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.

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Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care,
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starr'd dominions :—
So we, sages, sit,
And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
From the heaven of Wit
Draw down all its lightning!
Fill the bumper fair! &c.

Would'st thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?
It chanced upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us.
Fill the bumper fair! &c.

The careless Youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup,
To hide the pilfer'd fire in :—

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But oh his joy! when round
The halls of Heaven spying,
Amongst the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying.
Fill the bumper fair! &c.

Some drops were in the bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the Sparks of soul
Mix'd their burning treasure!
Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us—
Hence its mighty power
O'er that flame within us.
Fill the bumper fair! &c.

THE FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

AIR—"*New Langolee.*"

DEAR Harp of my country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence* had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own island Harp! I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!

* In that rebellious but beautiful song, "When Erin first rose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line;"—

"The dark chain of silence was thrown o'er the deep."

The chain of silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhaim, where the attending

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The warm lay of love, and the light note of gladness,
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But so oft has thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine,
Go,—sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all thy wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own!

LINES WRITTEN ON LEAVING PHILADELPHIA.

——Bid thou a kind farewell,
For she deserves it, to this noble city.

Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd,
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye;
But far, very far, were the friends that he lov'd,
And he gaz'd on its flowery banks with a sigh!

bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the chain of silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the ode to Gaul, the son of Morni, in Miss Brooke's reliques of Irish poetry.

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Oh Nature! though blessed and bright are thy rays,
O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown,
Yet faint are they all to the lustre, that plays
In a smile from the heart that is dearly our own!

Nor long did the soul of the stranger remain
Unblest by the smile he had languish'd to meet;
Though scarce did he hope it would smooth him again,
Till the threshold of home had been kist by his feet!

But the lay of his boy-hood had stol'n to their ear,
And they lov'd what they knew of so humble a name,
And they told him, with flattery welcome and dear,
That they found in his heart something sweeter than fame!

Nor did woman—oh woman! whose form and whose soul,
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue;
Whether sunn'd in the tropics, or chill'd at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too!

Nor did she her enamouring magic deny,
That magic his heart had relinquished so long,
Like eyes he had lov'd was *her* eloquent eye,
Like them did it soften and weep at his song!

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Oh! blest be the tear, and in memory oft
May its sparkle be shed o'er his wandering dream!
Oh! blest be that eye, and may passion as soft,
As free from a pang ever mellow its beam!

The stranger is gone—but he will not forget,
When at home he shall talk of the toil he has known,
To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he met,
As he stray'd by the wave of the Schuylkill alone!

TO A LADY, ON HER SINGING.

Thy song has taught my heart to feel
Those soothing thoughts of heavenly love,
Which o'er the sainted spirits steal
When listening to the spheres above.

When tir'd of life and misery,
I wish to sigh my latest breath,
Oh! Emma, I will fly to thee,
And thou shalt sing me into death.

And if along thy lip and cheek
That smile of heavenly softness play,
Which, ah! forgive a heart that's weak,
So oft has stol'n my mind away.

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Thou'lt seem an angel of the sky,
That comes to charm me into bliss;
I'll gaze and die—who would not die,
If death were half so sweet as this?

THE SNOW-SPIRIT.

Tu potes insolitas, Cynthia, ferre nives?—*Propert.* Lib. 1, Eleg. 2.

No, ne'er did the wave in its element steep
An island of lovelier charms;
It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep,
Like Hebe in Hercules' arms!
The tint of your bowers is balm to the eye,
Their melody balm to the ear;
But the fiery planet of day is too nigh,
And the Snow-Spirit never comes here!

The down from his wing is as white as the pearl
Thy lips for their cabinet stole,
And it falls on the green earth, as melting, my girl,
As a murmur of thine on the soul!
Oh! fly to the clime, where he pillows the death,
As he cradles the birth of the year;
Bright are your bowers, and balmy their breath,
But the Snow-Spirit cannot come here!

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How sweet to behold him, when borne on the gale,
And brightening the bosom of morn,
He flings, like the priest of Diana, a veil
O'er the brow of each virginal thorn!
Yet think not, the veil he so chillingly casts,
Is the veil of a vestal severe;
No, no, thou wilt see what a moment it lasts,
Should the Snow-Spirit ever come here!

But fly to his region—lay open thy zone,
And he'll weep all his brilliancy dim,
To think that a bosom as white as his own,
Should not melt in the day-beam like him!
Oh! lovely the print of those delicate feet
O'er his luminous path will appear—
Fly, fly! my beloved! this island is sweet,
But the Snow-Spirit cannot come here!

LOVE AND REASON.

"Quand l'homme commence a raisonner, il cesse de sentir."—*J. J. Rousseau.*[*]

'Twas in the Summer time, so sweet,
When hearts and flowers are both in season,
That—who, of all the world, should meet,
One early dawn, but Love and Reason?

[*] Quoted somewhere in St. Pierre's Etudes de la Nature.

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Love told his dream of yester-night,
While Reason talk'd about the weather;
The morn, in sooth, was fair and bright,
And on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew,
While Reason like a Juno stalk'd,
And from her portly figure threw
A lengthen'd shadow, as she walk'd.

No wonder Love, as on they past,
Should find that sunny morning chill,
For still the shadow Reason cast
Fell on the boy, and cool'd him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm,
Or find a pathway, not so dim,
For still the maid's gigantic form
Would pass between the sun and him!

"This must not be," said little Love—
"The sun was made for more than you."
So turning through a myrtle grove,
He bade the portly nymph adieu!

Now gaily roves the laughing boy
O'er many a mead, by many a stream;
In every breeze inhaling joy,
And drinking bliss in every beam.

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From all the gardens, all the bowers,
He cull'd the many sweets they shaded,
And ate the fruits and smell'd the flowers,
Till taste was gone and odour faded!

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,
Look'd blazing o'er the parched plains;
Alas! the boy grew languid soon,
And fever thrill'd through all his veins!

The dew forsook his baby brow,
No more with vivid bloom he smil'd—
Oh! where was tranquil Reason now,
To cast her shadow o'er the child?

Beneath a green and aged palm,
His foot at length for shelter turning,
He saw the nymph reclining calm,
With brow as cool, as his was burning!

"Oh! take me to that bosom cold,"
In murmurs at her feet he said;
And Reason op'd her garment's fold,
And flung it round his fever'd head.

He felt her bosom's icy touch,
And soon it lull'd his pulse to rest;
For ah! the chill was quite too much,
And Love expir'd on Reason's breast!

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SONG.

I Ne'er on that lip for a minute have gaz'd,
But a thousand temptations beset me,
And I've thought, as the dear little rubies you rais'd,
How delicious 'twould be—if you'd let me!

Then be not so angry for what I have done,
Nor say that you've sworn to forget me;
They were buds of temptation too pouting to shun,
And I thought that—you could not but let me!

When your lip with a whisper came close to my cheek,
Oh think how bewitching it met me!
And, plain as the eye of a Venus could speak,
Your eye seem'd to say—you would let me!

Then forgive the transgression, and bid me remain,
For, in truth, if I go, you'll regret me;
Or oh! let me try the transgression again,
And I'll do all you wish—will you let me?

TO MISS SUSAN B—CKF—D,

ON HER SINGING.

I More than once have heard, at night,
A song, like those thy lips have given,

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And it was sung by shapes of light,
Who seem'd like thee, to breathe of heaven!

But this was all a dream of sleep,
And I have said, when morning shone,
"Oh! why should fairy Fancy keep
"These wonders for herself alone?"

I knew not then that fate had lent
Such tones to one of mortal birth;
I knew not then that heaven had sent
A voice, a form like thine on earth!

And yet, in all that flowery maze,
Through which my life has lov'd to tread,
When I have heard the sweetest lays
From lips of dearest lustre shed;

When I have felt the warbled word
From beauty's mouth of perfume sighing,
Sweet as music's hallow'd bird
Upon a rose's bosom lying!

Though form and song at once combin'd
Their loveliest bloom and softest thrill,
My heart hath sigh'd, my heart hath pin'd
For something softer, lovelier still!

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Oh! I have found it all, at last,
In thee, thou sweetest living lyre,
Through which the soul hath ever pass'd
Its harmonizing breath of fire!

All that my best and wildest dream,
In fancy's hour, could hear or see
Of music's sigh or beauty's beam
Are realiz'd at once in thee!

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE COHOS, OR FALLS OF THE MOHAWK RIVER.*

Gia era in loco ove s'udia 'l rimbombo
Dell' acqua.....*Dante.*

From rise of morn till set of sun
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run,

* There is a dreary and savage character in the country immediately about these Falls, which is much more in harmony with the wildness of such a scene, than the cultivated lands in the neighbourhood of Niagara. See the drawing of them in Mr. Weld's book. According to him, the perpendicular height of the Cohos fall is fifty feet; but the Marquis de Chastellux makes it seventy-six

The fine rainbow, which is continually forming and dissolving as the spray rises into the light of the sun, is perhaps the most interesting beauty which these wonderful cataracts exhibit.

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And, as I mark'd the woods of pine
Along his mirror darkly shine,
Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
Before the wizard's midnight glass ;
And as I view'd the hurrying pace
With which he ran his turbid race,
Rushing, alike untir'd and wild,
Through shades that frown'd and flowers that smil'd,
Flying by every green recess
That woo'd him to its calm caress,
Yet, sometimes turning with the wind,
As if to leave one look behind!
Oh! I have thought, and thinking sigh'd—
How like to thee, thou restless tide!
May be the lot, the life of him,
Who roams along thy water's brim!
Through what alternate shades of wo,
And flowers of joy, my path may go!
How many an humble, still retreat
May rise to court my weary feet,
While still pursuing, still unblest,
I wander on, nor dare to rest!
But urgent as the doom that calls
Thy water to its destin'd falls,
I see the world's bewildering force
Hurry my heart's devoted course
From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
And the lost current cease to run!

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Oh may my falls be bright as thine!
May heaven's forgiving rainbow shine
Upon the mist that circles me,
As soft, as now it hangs o'er thee!

SONG OF THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.*

Qua via difficilis, quaque est via nulla.....*Ovid. Metam.* Lib. iii, v. 227.

Now the vapour, hot and damp,
Shed by day's expiring lamp,
Through the misty ether spreads
Ev'ry ill the white man dreads;
Fiery fever's thirsty thrill,
Fitful ague's shiv'ring chill!
Hark! I hear the traveller's song,
As he winds the woods along!
Christian! 'tis the song of fear,
Wolves are round thee, night is near,
And the wild, thou dar'st to roam—
Oh! 'twas once the Indian's home!†

* The idea of this poem occurred to me in passing through the very dreary wilderness between Batavia, a new settlement in the midst of the woods, and the little village of Buffalo, upon Lake Erie. This is the most fatiguing part of the route, in travelling through the Genesee country to Niagara.

† "The Five Confederated Nations (of Indians) were settled along the banks of the Susquehannah and the adjacent country, until the year 1779, when general Sullivan, with an army of 4000 men, drove them from their country to

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Hither, sprites, who love to harm,
Wheresoe'er you work your charm,
By the creeks, or by the brakes,
Where the pale witch feeds her snakes,
And the cayman* loves to creep,
Torpid, to his wintry sleep:
Where the bird of carrion flits,
And the shudd'ring murderer sits,†
Lone, beneath a roof of blood,
While, upon his poison'd food,
From the corpse of him he slew
Drops the chill and gory dew!

Hither bend you, turn you hither,
Eyes that blast and wings that wither!
Cross the wand'ring Christian's way,
Lead him, ere the glimpse of day,

Niagara, where being obliged to live on salted provisions, to which they were unaccustomed, great numbers of them died. Two hundred of them, it is said, were buried in one grave, where they had encamped." *Morse's American Geography.*

* The alligator, who is supposed to lie in a torpid state all the Winter, in the bank of some creek or pond, having previously swallowed a large number of pine-knots, which are his only sustenance during the time.

† This was the mode of punishment for murder (as Father Charlevoix tells us) among the Hurons. They laid the dead body upon poles at the top of a cabin, and the murderer was obliged to remain several days together, and to receive all that dropped from the carcass, not only on himself, but on his food."

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Many a mile of madd'ning error
Through the maze of night and terror,
Till the morn beheld him lying
O'er the damp earth, pale and dying!
Mock him, when his eager sight
Seeks the cordial cottage light;
Gleam then, like the lightning-bug,
Tempt him to the den that's dug
For the foul and famish'd brood
Of the she-wolf, gnant for blood!
Or, unto the dangerous pass,
O'er the deep and dark morass,
Where the trembling Indian brings
Belts of porcelain, pipes and rings,
Tributes, to be hung in air,
To the fiend presiding there!*
Then, when night's long labour past,
Wilder'd, faint, he falls at last,

* "We find also collars of porcelain, tobacco, ears of maize, skins, &c. by the side of difficult and dangerous ways, on rocks, or by the side of the falls; and these are so many offerings made to the spirits which preside in these places." See Charlevoix's Letter on the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada.

Father Hennepin, too, mentions this ceremony; he also says, "We took notice of one barbarian, who made a kind of sacrifice upon an oak, at the Cascade of St. Anthony of Padua, upon the river Mississippi." See Hennepin's Voyage into North America.

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Sinking where the causeway's edge
Moulders in the slimy sedge,
There let every noxious thing
Trail its filth and fix its sting;
Let the bull-toad taint him over,
Round him let musquitoes hover,
In his ears and eyeballs tingling,
With his blood their poison mingling,
Till, beneath the solar fires,
Rankling all, the wretch expires!

TO THE LADY CHARLOTTE R—WD—N,

FROM THE BANKS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Not many months have now been dream'd away
Since yonder sun (beneath whose evening ray
We rest our boat among these Indian isles)
Saw me, where mazy Trent serenely smiles
Through many an oak, as sacred as the groves,
Beneath whose shade the pious Persian roves,
And hears the soul of father, or of chief,
Or loved mistress, sigh in every leaf!*

* Avendo essi per costume di avere in veneratione gli alberi grandi & antichi, quasi che siano spesso ricettacoli di anime beate. Pietro della Valle, Part. Second. Lettera 16 da i giardini di Sciraz.

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There listening, Lady! while thy lip hath sung
My own unpolish'd lays, how proud I've hung
On every mellow'd number! proud to feel
That notes like mine should have the fate to steal,
As o'er thy hallowing lip they sigh'd along,
Such breath of passion and such soul of song.
Oh! I have wonder'd, like the peasant boy,
Who sings at eve his sabbath strains of joy,
And when he hears the rude luxuriant note
Back to his ear on softening echoes float,
Believes it still some answering spirit's tone,
And thinks it all too sweet to be his own!
I dream'd not then that, ere the rolling year
Had fill'd its circle, I should wander here
In musing awe; should tread this wondrous world,
See all its store of inland waters hurl'd
In one vast volume down Niagara's steep,*
Or calm behold them, in transparent sleep,

* When I arrived at Chippewa, within three miles of the Falls, it was too late to think of visiting them that evening, and I lay awake all night with the sound of the cataract in my ears. The day following I consider as a kind of era in my life, and the first glimpse which I caught of those wonderful Falls gave me a feeling which nothing in this world can ever excite again.

To Colonel Brock, of the 49th, who commanded at the Fort, I am particularly indebted for his kindness to me during the fortnight I remained at Niagara. Among many pleasant days, which I passed with him and his brother-officers, that of our visit to the Tuscarora Indians was not the least interesting. They received us in all their ancient costume; the young men exhibited, for our amusement, the race, the bat game, &c. while the old and the women sat in groups under the surrounding trees, and the picture altogether was as beautiful as it was new to me.

R

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Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed!—
Should trace the grand Cadaraqui, and glide
Down the white rapids of his lordly tide,
Through massy woods, through islets flowering fair,
Through shades of bloom, where the first sinful pair
For consolation might have weeping trod,
When banish'd from the garden of their God!
Oh, Lady! these are miracles, which man,
Cag'd in the bounds of Europe's pigmy plan,
Can scarcely dream of; which his eye must see,
To know how beautiful this world can be!

But soft!—the tinges of the west decline,
And night falls dewy o'er these banks of pine.
Among the reeds, in which our idle boat
Is rock'd to rest, the wind's complaining note
Dies, like a half-breath'd whispering of flutes;
Along the wave the gleaming porpoise shoots,
And I can trace him, like a watery star,*
Down the deep current, till he fades afar
Amid the foaming breaker's silvery light,
Where yon rough rapids sparkle through the night!
Here, as along this shadowy bank I stray,
And the smooth glass-snake,† gliding o'er my way,

* Amburey, in his Travels, has noticed this shooting illumination which the porpoises diffuse at night through the St. Lawrence. Vol. i. p. 29.

† The glass snake is brittle and transparent.

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Shows the dim moonlight through his scaly form,
Fancy, with all the scene's enchantment warm,
Hears, in the murmur of the nightly breeze,
Some Indian Spirit warble words like these :—

From the clime of sacred doves,*
Where the blessed Indian roves
Through the air on wing, as white
As the spirit-stones of light,†
Which the eye of morning counts
On the Appalachian mounts!
Hither oft my flight I take
Over Huron's lucid lake,
Where the wave, as clear as dew,
Sleeps beneath the light canoe,
Which, reflected, floating there,
Looks, as if it hung in air!‡

* "The departed spirit goes into the Country of Souls, where, according to some, it is transformed into a dove." Charlevoix, upon the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada. See the curious fable of the American Orpheus in Lafitau, Tom. i. p. 402.

† "The mountains appeared to be sprinkled with white stones, which glistened in the sun, and were called by the Indians manetoe-aseniah, or spirit-stones." *Mackenzie's Journal.*

‡ I was thinking here of what Carver says so beautifully in his description of one of these lakes. "When it was calm, and the sun shone bright, I could sit in my canoe, where the depth was upwards of six fathoms, and plainly see huge piles of stone at the bottom, of different shapes, some of which appeared as if they had been hewn; the water was at this time as pure and transparent as air, and my canoe seemed as if it hung suspended in that element. It was impossible to look attentively through this limpid medium, at the rocks below, without finding before many minutes were elapsed, your head swim and your eyes no longer able to behold the dazzling scene."

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Then, when I have stray'd awhile
Through the Manataulin isle,*
Breathing all its holy bloom,
Swift upon the purple plume
Of my Wakon-Bird† I fly
Where, beneath a burning sky,
O'er the bed of Erie's lake
Slumbers many a water-snake,
Basking in the web of leaves,
Which the weeping lily weaves !‡

Then I chase the flowret-king
Through his bloomy wild of spring !
See him now, while diamond hues
Soft his neck and wings suffuse,
In the leafy chalice sink,
Thirsting for his balmy drink ;
Now behold him, all on fire,
Lovely in his looks of ire,

* Après avoir traversé plusieurs isles peu considérables, nous en trouvâmes le quatrième jour une fameuse nommée l'Isle de Manataulin. Voyages du Baron de Lahontan, Tom. i. Lett. 15. Manataulin signifies a Place of Spirits, and this island in Lake Huron is held sacred by the Indians.

† "The Wakon-Bird, which probably is of the same species with the bird of Paradise, receives its name from the ideas the Indians have of its superior excellence; the Wakon-Bird being, in their language, the Bird of the Great Spirit." *Morse.*

‡ "The islands of Lake Erie are surrounded to a considerable distance by the large pond-lily, whose leaves spread thickly over the surface of the lake, and form a kind of bed for the water-snakes in summer.

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Breaking every infant stem,
Scattering every velvet gem,
Where his little tyrant lip
Had not found enough to sip!

Then my playful hand I steep
Where the gold-thread* loves to creep,
Cull from thence a tangled wreath,
Words of magic round it breathe,
And the sunny chaplet spread
O'er the sleeping fly-bird's head,†
Till, with dreams of honey blest,
Haunted in his downy nest
By the garden's fairest spells,
Dewy buds and fragrant bells,
Fancy all his soul embowers
In the fly-bird's heaven of flowers!

Oft, when hoar and silvery flakes
Melt along the ruffled lakes;
When the gray moose sheds his horns,
When the track, at evening, warns

* "The gold-thread is of the vine-kind, and grows in swamps. The roots spread themselves just under the surface of the morasses, and are easily drawn out by handfuls. They resemble a large entangled skein of silk, and are of a bright yellow." *Morse.*

† L'oiseau mouche, gros comme un hanneton, est de toutes couleurs, vives et changeantes: il tire sa subsistence des fleurs comme les abeilles: son nid est fait d'un cotton très-fin suspendu à une branche d'arbre. Voyages aux Iles des Occidentales, par M. Bossu. Second Part, Lett. xx.

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Weary hunters of the way
To the wigwam's cheering ray,
Then, aloft through freezing air,
With the snow-bird* soft and fair
As the fleece that heaven flings
O'er his little pearly wings,
Light above the rocks I play,
Where Niagara's starry spray,
Frozen on the cliff, appears
Like a giant's starting tears!
There, amid the island-sedge,
Just upon the cataract's edge,
Where the foot of living man
Never trod, since time began,
Lone I sit, at close of day,
While, beneath the golden ray,
Icy columns gleam below,
Feather'd round with falling snow,
And an arch of glory springs,
Brilliant as the chain of rings
Round the neck of virgins hung,
Virgins,† who have wander'd young
O'er the waters of the west
To the land where spirits rest!

* Emberiza hyemalis. See *Imlay's Kentucky*, page 280.

† Lafitau wishes to believe, for the sake of his theory, that there was an order of vestals established among the Iroquois Indians; but I am afraid that Jaques Carthier, upon whose authority he supports himself, meant any thing but vestal institutions by the "cabanes publiques," which he met with at Montreal. *See Lafitau, Mœurs des Sauvages Ameriquains, &c.* Tom. i. p. 173.

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Thus have I charm'd with visionary lay
The lonely moments of the night away;
And now, fresh daylight o'er the water beams!
Once more, embark'd upon the glittering streams,
Our boat flies light along the leafy shore,
Shooting the falls, without a dip of oar,
Or breath of zephyr, like the mystic bark
The poet saw, in dreams divinely dark,
Borne, without sails, along the dusky flood,*
While on its deck a pilot angel stood,
And with his wings of living light unfurl'd,
Coasted the dim shores of another world!

Yet, oh! believe me, in this blooming maze
Of lovely nature, where the fancy strays
From charm to charm, where every flow'ret's hue
Hath something strange, and every leaf is new!
I never feel a bliss so pure and still,
So heavenly calm, as when a stream or hill,
Or veteran oak, like those remember'd well,
Or breeze, or echo, or some wild-flower's smell,
(For, who can say what small and fairy ties
The memory flings o'er pleasure as it flies!)

* Vedi che sdegna gli argomenti umani;
Si che remo non vuol, ne altro velo,
Che l'ale sue tra liti si lontani.

Vedi come l'ha dritte verso 'l cielo
Trattando l'aere con l'eterne penne;
Che non si mutan, come mortal pelo.
Dante, Purgator. Cant. ii.

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Reminds my heart of many a sylvan dream
I once indulg'd by Trent's inspiring stream;
Of all my sunny morns and moonlight nights
On Donington's green lawns and breezy heights!

Whether I trace the tranquil moments o'er
When I have seen thee cull the blooms of lore,
With him, the polish'd warrior, by thy side,
A sister's idol and a nation's pride!
When thou hast read of heroes, trophied high
In ancient fame, and I have seen thine eye
Turn to the living hero, while it read
For pure and brightening comments on the dead;
Or whether memory to my mind recalls
The festal grandeur of those lordly halls,
When guests have met around the sparkling board,
And welcome warm'd the cup that luxury pour'd;
When the bright future Star of England's Throne,
With magic smile, hath o'er the banquet shone,
Winning respect, nor claiming what he won,
But tempering greatness, like an evening sun
Whose light the eye can tranquilly admire,
Glorious but mild, all softness, yet all fire!—
Whatever hue my recollections take,
Even the regret, the very pain they wake
Is dear and exquisite!—but oh! no more—
Lady! adieu—my heart has linger'd o'er
These vanish'd times, till all that round me lies,
Stream, banks, and bowers, have faded on my eyes!

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WRITTEN ON PASSING DEAD-MAN'S ISLAND,*

IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE,

Late in the evening, September, 1804.

SEE you, beneath yon cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along, a gloomy Bark?
Her sails are full, though the wind is still!
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill!

Oh! what doth that vessel of darkness bear?
The silent calm of the grave is there,
Save now and again a death-knell rung,
And the flap of the sails with night-fog hung!

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador;
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tost!

* This is one of the Magdalen Islands, and, singularly enough, is the property of Sir Isaac Coffin. The above lines were suggested by a superstition very common among sailors, who call this ghostship, I think, "the flying Dutchman."

We were thirteen days on our passage from Quebec to Halifax, and I had been so spoiled by the very splendid hospitality with which my friends of the Phaeton and Boston had treated me, that I was but ill prepared to encounter the miseries of a Canadian ship. The weather however was pleasant, and the scenery along the river delightful. Our passage through the Gut of Canso, with a bright sky and a fair wind, was particularly striking and romantic.

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Yon shadowy Bark hath been to that wreck,
And the dim blue fire, that lights her deck,
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew
As ever yet drank the church-yard dew!

To Dead-man's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
To Dead-man's Isle she speeds her fast;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd,
And the hand that steers is not of this world!

Oh! hurry thee on—oh! hurry thee on,
Thou terrible Bark! ere the night be gone;
Nor let morning look on so foul a sight
As would blanch for ever her rosy light!

TO ******* **********.

Never mind how the pedagogue proses,
You want not antiquity's stamp;
The lip, that's so scented by roses,
Oh! never must smell of the lamp.

Old Cloe, whose withering kisses
Have long set the loves at defiance,
Now, done with the science of blisses,
May fly to the blisses of science!

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Young Sappho, for want of employments,
Alone o'er her Ovid may melt,
Condemn'd but to read of enjoyments
Which wiser Corinna had felt.

But for *you* to be buried in books—
Oh, FANNY! they're pitiful sages
Who could not in *one* of your looks
Read more than in millions of pages!

Astronomy finds in your eye
Better light than she studies above,
And Music must borrow your sigh,
As the melody dearest to love.

In Ethics—'tis you that can check,
In a minute, their doubts and their quarrels;
Oh! show but that mole on your neck,
And 'twill soon put an end to their morals

Your Arithmetic only can trip
When to kiss and to count you endeavour;
But Eloquence glows on your lip
When you swear that you'll love me for ever.

Thus you see, what a brilliant alliance
Of arts is assembled in you—
A course of more exquisite science
Man never need wish to go through!

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And, oh!—if a fellow like me
May confer a diploma of hearts,
With my lip thus I seal your decree,
My divine little Mistress of Arts!

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SACRED SONGS.

THE GRIEF OF JUDAH.

Hush'd is the voice of Judah's mirth—
And Judah's minstrels too are gone;
The harps that told Messiah's birth
And hung on heaven's eternal throne.

Fled is the bright and shining throng
That swell'd on earth the welcome strain,
And lost in air, the choral song
That floated wild on David's plain.

For dark and sad is Bethlehem's fate,
Her valleys gush with human blood;
Despair sits mourning at her gate,
And murder stalks in frantic mood.

At morn, the mother's heart was light,
Her infant bloom'd upon her breast,
At eve, 'twas pale and wither'd quite,
And gone to its eternal rest.

Weep on, ye childless mothers, weep!
Your babes are hush'd in one cold grave!

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In Jordan's stream their spirits sleep,
Their blood is mingled with the wave.

SONG OF THE ANGEL.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." Luke ii. 14.

ARRAY'D in clouds of golden light,
More bright than Heaven's resplendent bow,
Jehovah's angel came by night,
To bless the sleeping world below!
How soft the music of his tongue!
How sweet the hallowed strains he sung!

"Good-will henceforth to man be given;"
The light of glory beams on earth;
Let angels tune the harps of heaven,
And saints below rejoice with mirth:
On Bethlehem's plains the shepherds sing,
And Judah's children hail their King!

FALLEN IS THY THRONE.

FALLEN is thy throne, O Israel!
Silence is o'er thy plains;
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
Thy children weep in chains.

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Where are the dews that fed thee
On Ethom's barren shore?
That fire from heav'n which led thee,
Now lights thy path no more.

Lord! thou didst love Jerusalem;—
Once she was all thy own;
Her love thy fairest heritage,*
Her power thy glory's throne.†
'Till evil came, and blighted
Thy long lov'd olive tree;‡
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other gods than thee!

Then sunk the star of Solyma;
Then pass'd her glory's ray,
Like heath, that in the wilderness§
The wild wind whirls away.
Silent and waste her bowers,
Where once the mighty trod,
And sunk those guilty towers,
Where Baal reign'd as god.

* "I have left mine heritage; I have given the dearly-beloved of my soul into the hands of her enemies."—Jer. xii. 7.

† "Do not disgrace the throne of thy glory."—Jer. xiv. 21.

‡ "The Lord hath called thy name a green olive tree: fair and of goodly fruit, &c.—Jer. xi. 16.

§ "For he shall be like the heath in the desert."—Jer. xvii. 6.

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"Go,"—said the LORD—"ye conquerors!
Steep in her blood your swords,
And raze to earth her battlements;*
For they are not the LORD's!
'Till Zion's mournful daughter,
O'er kindred bones shall tread,
And Hinnom's vale of slaughter,†
Shall hide but half her dead!"

GO, LET ME WEEP.

Go, let me weep! there's bliss in tears,
When he who sheds them, inly feels
Some lingering stain of early years,
Effac'd by every drop that steals.
The fruitless showers of worldly wo
Fall dark to earth and never rise;
While tears that from repentance flow,
In bright exhalement reach the skies.
Go, let me weep! there's bliss in tears,
When he who sheds them, inly feels

* "Take away her battlements; for they are not the Lord's."—Jer. v. 10.

† "Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the valley of the son of Hinnom, but the valley of slaughter; for they shall bury in Tophet till there be no place."—Jer. vii. 32.

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Some lingering stain of early years,
Effac'd by every drop that steals.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew,
More idly than the summer's wind,
And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweets behind,—
The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves,
Is cold, is faint, to those that swell
The heart, where pure repentance grieves
O'er hours of pleasure lov'd too well!
Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
More idly than the summer's wind,
And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweets behind.

THOU ART, OH GOD.

"The day is thine; the night also is thine; thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth; thou hast made summer and winter."—Psalm lxxiv. 16, 17.

Thou art, Oh God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

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When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven;
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, LORD! are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes;—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, LORD! are thine.

When youthful spring around us breaths,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

OH! THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR.

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."
Psalm cxlvii. 3.

OH! Thou, who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,

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If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee.
The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he, who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of wo.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanquish'd too!
Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?
Then, sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day!

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;

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The smiles of Joy, the tears of Wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

WERE NOT THE SINFUL MARY'S TEARS.

Were not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy Heaven,
When o'er the faults of former years
She wept—and was forgiven?—

When, bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stor'd,
She o'er her Saviour's hallowed feet
The precious perfume pour'd,—

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And wip'd them with that golden hair,
Where once the diamond shone,
Though now those gems of Grief were there
Which shine for God alone!

Were not those sweets so humbly shed—
That hair—those weeping eyes—
And the sunk heart, that inly bled—
Heav'n's noblest sacrifice?

Thou, that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh! would'st thou wake in heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
"Love much,"* and be forgiven!

ON A YOUNG LADY WHO DIED A FEW WEEKS AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

Weep not for those, whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere Sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or Earth had profan'd what was born for the skies,
Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stain'd it,
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heav'n has unchain'd it,
To water that Eden, where first was its source!

* "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much."—St. Luke, vii. 47.

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Weep not for those, whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,
Ere Sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or Earth had profan'd what was born for the skies.

Mourn not for her, the young Bride of the Vale,
Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now;
Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
And the garland of Love was yet fresh on her brow;
Oh! then was her moment, dear Spirit, for flying
From this gloomy world, while its gloom was unknown,
And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly in dying,
Were echoed in Heaven by lips like her own!
Weep not for her—in her spring-time she flew
To that land, where the wings of the soul are unfurl'd,
And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

"And Miram, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances."—Exod. xv. 21.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd,—his people are free.

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Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,
How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord,
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword!
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,*
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.

ST. JEROME'S LOVE.

Who is the maid my spirit seeks,
Through cold reproof and slander's blight?
Has *she* Love's roses on her cheeks?
Is *hers* an eye of this world's light?
No, wan and sunk with midnight pray'r,
Are the pale looks of her I love;

* "And it came to pass, that in the morning watch, the *Lord* looked unto the host of the Egyptians, through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians." Exod. xiv. 24.

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Or if, at times, a light be there,
Its beam is kindled from above.

I chose not her, my soul's elect,
From those who seek their Maker's shrine,
In gems and garlands proudly deck'd,
As if themselves were things divine!
No—Heav'n but faintly warms the breast,
That beats beneath a broider'd veil;
And she, who comes in glittering vest
To mourn her frailty, still is frail.

Not so the faded form I prize
And love, because its bloom is gone;
The glory in those sainted eyes
Is all the grace *her* brow puts on.
And ne'er was Beauty's dawn so bright,
So touching as that form's decay,
Which, like the altar's trembling light,
In holy lustre wastes away!

THE BIRD, LET LOOSE IN EASTERN SKIES.

The bird, let loose in Eastern skies,*
When hastening fondly home,

* The Carrier Pigeon, it is well known, flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined.

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Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
  Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
  Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
  Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care,
  And stain of passion free,
Aloft, thro' Virtue's purer air,
  To hold my course to thee!
No sin to cloud—no lure to stay
  My soul, as home she springs :—
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
  Thy freedom in her wings!

THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine,
My temple, Lord! that arch of thine;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.*

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of thee!

* Pii orant tacite.

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I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy throne!
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy Heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wond'rous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness, breaking through!

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see,
Some feature of thy Deity!

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

COME NOT, OH LORD!

Come not, Oh Lord! in the dread robe of splendour
Thou wors't on the mount, in the day of thine ire;

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Come veil'd in those shadows, deep, awful, but tender,
Which mercy flings over thy features of fire!

Lord! thou rememb'rest the night, when thy nation*
Stood fronting her foe by the red-rolling stream!
On Egypt thy pillar frown'd dark desolation,
While Israel bask'd all the night in its beam.

So, when the dread clouds of anger enfold thee
From us, in thy mercy, the dark side remove;
While shrouded in terrors the guilty behold thee,
Oh! turn upon us the mild light of thy love!

AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world rises silent to Thee;
My God! silent to Thee;
Pure, warm, silent to Thee!
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world rises silent to Thee!

As still, to the star of its worship, tho' clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,

* "And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light, by night, to these."—Exod. xiv. 20.—My application of this passage is borrowed from some late prose writer whose name I am ungrateful enough to forget.

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So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee;
My God! trembling to Thee;
True, fond, trembling to Thee!
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee!

BUT WHO SHALL SEE.

But who shall see the glorious day,
When, thron'd on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend that veil away,
Which hides the nations now!*
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie;†
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wip'd from every eye!‡

Then, Judah! thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the Heathen's chain;
Thy days of splendour shall return,
And all be new again.—

* "And he will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the veil that is spread over all nations."—Isaiah xxv. 7.

† "The rebuke of his people he shall take away from off all the earth."—Isaiah xxv. 8.

‡ "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; neither shall there be any more pain."—Rev. xxi. 4.

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The fount of life shall then be quaff'd,
In peace, by all who come;
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home!

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

ALMIGHTY God! when round thy shrine
The palm-tree's heavenly branch we twine,*
(Emblem of life's eternal ray,
And love that "fadeth not away:")
We bless the flowers, expanded all,
We bless the leaves that never fall,
And trembling say,—"In Eden thus
The tree of life may flower for us.

When round thy cherubs smiling calm
Without their flames, we wreath the palm,
Oh God! we feel the emblem true,—
Thy mercy is eternal too!
Those cherubs, with their smiling eyes,
That crown of palm which never dies,
Are but the types of Thee, above,—
Eternal life, and peace and love!

* "The Scriptures having declared that the temple of Jerusalem was a type of the Messiah, it is natural to conclude that the *Palms*, which made so conspicuous a figure in that structure, represented that *Life* and *Immortality* which were brought to light by the gospel."—*Observations on the Palm as a Sacred Emblem*, by W. Tighe.

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ST. AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.

Oh fair! Oh purest! be thou the dove,
That flies alone to some sunny grove:
And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
All vestal white, in the limpid spring;
There, if the hovering hawk be near,
That limpid spring in its mirror clear
Reflects him, ere he can reach his prey,
And warns the timorous bird away.
Oh! be like this dove,
Oh fair! Oh purest! be like this dove.

The sacred pages of God's own book
Shall be the spring, the eternal brook,
In whose holy mirror, night and day,
Thou wilt study Heaven's reflected ray:—
And should the foes of Virtue dare,
With gloomy wing to seek thee there,
Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie
Between Heaven and thee, and trembling fly!
Oh! be like the dove;
Oh fair! Oh purest! be like the dove.

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NATIONAL AIRS.

BY

THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF THE

IRISH MELODIES, &c.

DOST THOU REMEMBER.

Dost thou remember that place so lonely,
A place for lovers, and lovers only,
Where first I told thee all my secret sighs;
When as the moon beam that trembled o'er thee
Illum'd thy blushes, I knelt before thee,
And read my hope's sweet triumph in these eyes?
Then, then while closely heart was drawn to heart,
Love bound us, never, never more to part.

And when I call'd on thee by names the dearest
That love could fancy, the fondest, nearest,
My life, my only life among the rest!
In those sweet accents that still inthral me,
Thou saidst, Ah wherefore thy life thus call me,
Thy soul, thy soul's the name that I love best!

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For life soon passes, but how blest to be
That soul which never, never parts from thee.

OH COME TO ME WHEN DAYLIGHT SETS.

Oh come to me when daylight sets,
Sweet, then come to me;
When smoothly go our gondolets,
O'er the moonlight sea.
When mirth's awake, and love begins
Beneath that glancing ray,
With sound of lute and mandolins,
To steal young hearts away.

Oh! then's the hour for those who love,
Sweet like thee and me,
When all's so calm below, above,
In heaven, and o'er the sea;
When maidens sing sweet Barcarolles,
And echo sings again,
So sweet that all with ears and souls
Should love and listen then.
So come to me, &c.

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FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE.

FARE thee well, thou lovely one,
Lovely still, but dear no more,
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.
Thy words, whate'er their flatt'ring spell,
Could scarce have thus deceiv'd,
But eyes that acted truth so well,
Were sure to be believ'd.
Then fare thee, &c.

Yet those eyes look constant still,
True as stars they keep their light,
Still those cheeks their pledge fulfil,
Of blushing always bright;
'Tis only on thy changeful heart
The blame of falsehood lies;
Love lives in ev'ry other part,
But there, alas! he dies.
Then fare thee, &c.

A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.

"A TEMPLE to Friendship," said Laura enchanted,
"I'll build in this garden, the thought is divine;"
Her temple was built,—and she now only wanted
An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.

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She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her
A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent,
But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.

"Oh, never," she cried, "could I think of enshrining
An image whose looks are so joyless and dim,
But yon little god upon roses reclining,
We'll make, if you please, Sir, a Friendship of him."
So the bargain was struck—with the little god laden—
She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove,
"Farewell," said the sculptor, "you're not the first maiden
Who came but for friendship, and took away love."

FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

Flow on, thou shining river,
But ere thou reach the sea,
Seek Ellas' bower, and give her
The wreaths I fling o'er thee;
And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,
The current of our lives shall be,
With joys along their course to shine,
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

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But if, in wand'ring thither,
Thou find'st she mocks my pray'r,
Then leave those wreaths to wither
Upon the cold bank there;
And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
Her lone and lovely charms shall be
Thrown upon life's weedy shore,
Like those sweet flowers from thee.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest,
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest;
Stars that shine and fall,
The flow'r that drops in springing,
These, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.
Who would seek, or prize,
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That ev'ry hour are breaking?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than be blest with light, and see
That light for ever flying.
All that's, &c.

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SO WARMLY WE MET.

So warmly we met, and so fondly we parted,
That which was the sweeter even I could not tell,
That first look of welcome her sunny eye darted,
Or that tear of passion which bless'd our farewell;
To meet was a heaven—and to part thus, another;
Our joy and our sorrow seem'd rivals in bliss;
Oh, Cupid's two eyes are not liker each other,
In smiles, and in tears, than that moment to this.

The first was like day-break, new, sudden, delicious,
The dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled up yet,
The last was that farewell of day-light more precious,
More glowing and deep, as 'tis nearer its set.
Our meeting tho' happy, was ting'd by a sorrow,
To think that such happiness could not remain,
While our parting, though sad, gave a hope that to-morrow
Would bring back the blest hour of meeting again.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Those ev'ning bells, those ev'ning bells,
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime.

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Those joyous hours are past away,
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those ev'ning bells!

And so 'twill be, when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet ev'ning bells!

SHOULD THOSE FOND HOPES.

Should those fond hopes e'er forsake thee,
Which now so sweetly thy heart employ,
Should the cold world come to wake thee
From all thy visions of youth and joy;
Should the gay friends, for whom thou would'st banish
Him who once thought thy young heart his own,
All, like spring birds, falsely vanish,
And leave thy winter unheeded and lone:

O! 'tis then he thou hast slighted,
Would come to cheer thee, when all seem'd o'er,
Then the truant lost and blighted,
Would to his bosom be taken once more:

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Like that dear bird we both can remember,
Who left us while summer shone round;
But, when chill'd by bleak December,
Upon our threshold a welcome still found.

THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

AIR—"*Noch bonin shin doe.*"

From a 7th volume of Irish Melodies just published; the verses by Thomas Moore, Esq.

THEY may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss,
And until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.
As long as the world has such eloquent eyes
As before me this moment enraptur'd I see,
They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In Mercury's star, where each minute can bring them
New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
Though the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them,
They've none even there more enamour'd than I.
And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

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In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
And look, in their twilight, as lovely as you:
But though they were even more bright than the green
Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
As I never these fair young celestials have seen,
Why this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
Heav'n knows we have plenty on earth we could spare.
Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

HARK, THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.

Hark, the vesper hymn is stealing
O'er the waters, soft and clear—
Nearer yet, and nearer pealing,
Now it bursts upon the ear.
Jubelate,——————Amen.

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Farther now, now farther stealing,
Soft it fades upon the ear ;
Farther now, &c.
Soft it fades, &c.

Now like moonlight waves retreating,
To the shore it dies along,
Now like angry surges meeting,
Breaks the mingled tide of song.
Hark again, like waves retreating,
To the shore it dies along,
Hark again, &c.
To the shore, &c.

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MOORE'S

IRISH MELODIES.

VOLUME VII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

If I had consulted only my own judgment, this work would not have been extended beyond the six numbers already published; which contain, perhaps, the flower of our national melodies, and have attained a rank in public favour, of which I would not willingly risk the forfeiture by degenerating, in any way, from those merits that were its source. Whatever treasures of our music were still in reserve, (and it will be seen I trust that they are numerous and valuable,) I would gladly have left to future poets to glean,

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and, with the ritual words "*tibi trado*," would have delivered up the torch into other hands, before it had lost much of its light in my own. But the call for a continuance of the work has been, as I understand from the publisher, so general, and we have received so many contributions of old and beautiful airs,* the suppression of which, for the enhancement of those we have published, would resemble too much the policy of the Dutch in burning their spices, that I have been persuaded, though not without considerable diffidence in my success, to commence a new series of the Irish Melodies. T. M.

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* One gentleman in particular, whose name I shall feel happy in being allowed to mention, has not only sent us near forty ancient airs, but has communicated many curious fragments of Irish poetry, and some interesting traditions current in the country where he resides, illustrated by sketches of the romantic scenery to which they refer; all of which, though too late for the present number, will be of infinite service to us in the prosecution of our task.

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MELODIES.

MY GENTLE HARP!

AIR—"*The Coina, or Dirge.*"

I.

My gentle Harp! once more I waken
The sweetness of thy slumbering strain;
In tears our last farewell was taken,
And now in tears we meet again.
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
But, like those harps, whose heavenly skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken—
Thou hang'st upon the willows still.

II.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
When many an ardent bosom bounded
With hopes—that now are turn'd to shame.
Yet even then, while peace was singing
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
Though joy and hope to others bringing,
She only brought new tears to thee.

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III.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping Harp, from chords like thine?
Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline!
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for freedom's strains,
When ev'n the wreaths in which I dress thee
Are sadly mix'd—half flowers, half chains!

IV.

But come,—if yet thy fame can borrow
One breath of joy—oh breathe for me,
And show the world in chains and sorrow,
How sweet thy music still can be;
How lightly, ev'n mid gloom surrounding
Thou yet can'st wake at pleasure's thrill—
Like Memnon's broken image sounding,
Mid desolation tuneful still!*

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

AIR—"*The Girl I left behind me.*"

I.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,

* Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ,
Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obruta portis.—*Juvenal.*

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Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loath we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts where'er we rove,
To those we've left behind us!

II.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
We talk with joyous seeming,
And smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While mem'ry brings us back again
Each early tie that twin'd us,
Oh sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us!

III.

And when in other climes we meet,
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flow'ry wild and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting:
We think how great had been our bliss,
If Heaven had but assigned us,
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

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IV.

As travellers oft look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consigned us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

AIR—"*The little harvest rose.*"

I.

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within;
Oh 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time
We can love, as in hours of less transport we may;
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
But affection is warmest when these fade away.

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II.

When we see the first charm of our youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream that will never return;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
Now tastes of the *other*, the dark flowing urn;
Then, then is the moment affection can sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
Love, nurs'd among pleasures, is faithless as they,
But the Love, born of Sorrow, like sorrow is true!

III.

In climes full of sunshine, tho' splendid their dyes,
Yet faint is the odour the flow'rs shed about;
'Tis the clouds and the mist of our own weeping skies.
That call their full spirit of fragrancy out.
So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
But 'tis only in grief true affection appears;—
To the magic of smiles it may first owe its birth,
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears!

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WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

AIR—"*Limerick's Lamentation.*"

I.

WHEN cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast lov'd,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
Or, if from their slumber the veil be remov'd,
Weep o'er them in silence and close it again.
And oh! if 'tis pain to remember how far
From the path ways of light he was tempted to roam,
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.

II.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
The revealings, that taught him true love to adore,—
To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
From the idols he darkly had knelt to before.
O'er the waves of a life long benighted and wild,
Thou cam'st like a soft golden calm o'er the sea;
And, if happiness purely and glowingly smiled
On his ev'ning horizon, the light was from thee.

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Then wreath the bowl
With flow'rs of soul,
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!

II.

'Twas nectar fed
Of old 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
And Man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipts as follows:—
Take wine, like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended,
Then bring wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar splendid!
So, wreath the bowl, &c.

III.

Say why did Time,
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine he knew
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly.

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Oh, lend it me,
And smiling thus,
The glass in two we'd sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!
Then, wreath the bowl, &c.

WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

Air—"*Father Quin.*"

I.

Whene'er I see those smiling eyes,
All fill'd with hope, and joy, and light,
As if no cloud could ever rise,
To dim a heaven so purely bright—
I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its every ray,
And that light heart, so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay.

II.

For Time will come with all his blights,
The ruin'd hope—the friend unkind—
And Love, who leaves, where'er he lights,
A chill'd or burning heart behind!

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And youth that like pure snow appears,
Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain,
When once 'tis touched by sorrow's tears,
Will never shine so bright again!

IF THOU'LT BE MINE.

AIR—"*The Winnowing Sheet.*"

I.

If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air,
Of earth, and sea, shall lie at thy feet;
Whatever in fancy's eye looks fair,
Or in hope's sweet music sounds most sweet,
Shall be ours, if thou wilt be mine, love!

II.

Bright flow'rs shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream,
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream
In our eyes, if thou wilt be mine, love!

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III.

And thoughts whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams that flow from heaven-ward hills,
Shall keep our hearts, like meads, that lie
To be bath'd by those eternal rills,
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love!

IV.

All this and more the spirit of love
Can breathe o'er them who feel his spells;
That heaven, which forms his home, above,
He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,
As thou'lt own, if thou wilt be mine, love!

TO LADIES' EYES.

AIR—"*Fague a Ballagh.*"

I.

To Ladies' eyes a round, boy,
We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
Though bright eyes so abound, boy,
'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.

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For thick as stars that lighten
Yon airy bow'rs, yon airy bow'rs,
The countless eyes that brighten
This earth of ours, this earth of ours;
But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

II.

Some looks there are, so holy,
They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n
As splendid beacons, solely,
To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n.
While some—oh ne'er believe them—
With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
Would lead us (God forgive them!)
The other way, the other way.
But fill the cup, &c.

III.

In some, as in a mirror,
Love seems pourtrayed, Love seems pourtrayed,
But shun the flattering error,
'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.
Himself has fixed his dwelling
In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
And lips—but this is telling,
So here they go! so here they go!
Fill up, fill up, &c.

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FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

AIR—"*The Lamentation of Aughrim.*"

I.

FORGET not the field where they perished,
The truest, the last of the brave,
All gone—and the bright hope we cherished
Gone with them, and quench'd in the grave!

II.

Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high heaven to fight over
That combat for freedom once more;—

III.

Could the chain for an instant be riven,
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
Oh! 'tis not in Man nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again!

IV.

But 'tis past—and, though blazon'd in story
The name of our victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

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V.

Far dearer the grove or the prison,
Illum'd by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame!

OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME.

AIR—"*Name unknown.*"

I.

OH for the swords of former time!
Oh for the men who bore them,
When, arm'd for right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them!
When pure yet, ere courts began
With honours to enslave him,
The best honours worn by man
Were those which virtue gave him.
Oh for the swords of former times, &c.

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II.

Oh for the Kings who flourished then!
Oh for the pomp that crowned them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them!
When, safe built on bosoms true,
The throne was but the centre
Round which Love a circle drew,
That Treason durst not enter.
Oh for the Kings who flourished then, &c.

FINIS.

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